

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 1239

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1922

Price 7 Cents

TOM BARRY OF BARRINGTON;

OR, THE HERO OF N°4. *By EX-FIRE-CHIEF WARDEN*
AND OTHER STORIES



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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 164 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Tom Barry of Barrington

OR, THE HERO OF NO. 4

By EX-FIRE-CHIEF WARDEN

CHAPTER I.—The Rescue of the Belle of Barrington.

The bustling little city of Barrington, not a thousand miles from New York, had quite a number of manufacturing establishments, whose offices and salesrooms were down in the metropolis. The majority of the residents were workers in the various mills—children of poverty. Yet there was a great deal of wealth in the town, and a good many wealthy families lived there. Like all other manufacturing towns, there was a wide gulf between the families of the mill workers and the mill owners—in a social sense. It is the same all over the world, and will continue to be so as long as the world stands and people live in it. Barrington was no exception to the rule, and no one there seemed to expect anything else.

In matters of business it was different. There rich and poor jostled each other in the battle for money or bread. The rich man must give employment to the poor in order to add to his bank account. The poor man must work for the rich to get the means wherewith to keep the wolf from his door—hence both had interests in common, and yet each rarely took note of the other.

Barrington had four fire companies. One was made up of the well-to-do young men of the town. The other three of the brawny sons of toil. No. 1 was the aristocratic company, and was the pet of the society people. The engine was the finest that money could buy, and was kept in sumptuous quarters, with a clubroom upstairs for the use of the members. They met there every evening as a social club, and had servants employed to look after their comfort. Yet, when an alarm was sounded they responded quickly and held their own against any of the other three.

No. 2 was made up of iron workers—brawny fellows, who were familiar with fire in their daily toil. They were good firemen, and had little fear of the flames. No. 3 was made up of workers in the great silk mills. They had an old steamer that had seen much service; but they managed to keep her going, and could throw a stream as far as the best of them.

No. 4 was an old hand engine which had been discarded by No. 1, and the boys in the various shops along the river front had taken it, more for their own amusement than otherwise, and had used it a year before the city recognized them as a fire company. They had done such

splendid work at a time when the town was threatened with a terrible conflagration that the fire marshal, or chief, invited them to enter the fire department as engine No. 4. They did so, and an old vacant building was rented by the city for their use.

The quarters were rough and uninviting, but the boys were not proud or hard to please. They had a place to meet, and they were "firemen," and so they were happy. One very dark night, when high winds were blowing, a fire broke out in the private residence of Judge Macomb, one of the wealthiest men in the town. The alarm was sounded as soon as the fire was discovered, and Nos. 2 and 3 promptly responded, it being in their section. Only another call would bring out the others. The high wind, though, caused the flames to envelop the whole house in such a short space of time that the family and all the help were in imminent danger of being consumed, hence the second alarm was given.

Though it was midnight, hundreds of people hurried to the spot. Judge Macomb escaped by leaping from a window, badly injuring one leg. His wife leaped after him and was caught in the arms of a brawny iron worker, a member of No. 2. A servant girl and the young daughter of the family were saved by the heroic efforts of the members of No. 1. By that time flames were bulging from every window. Suddenly a youth among the spectators sung out:

"There's a woman up there in that second-story corner room!"

Everybody looked up. Great fiery tongues of flame protruded from the window.

"Minnie! Minnie! Oh, my child is still up there!" screamed Mrs. Macomb. "Save her! Oh, save her!"

Minnie Macomb was the belle of Barrington. Everybody knew her either by sight or reputation, for she was the very queen of Barrington society. The firemen looked up at the window and shook their heads. The men of No. 1 were at the foot of the ladder. One started up, but a long fiery tongue reached down and cut off part of his mustache. He quickly retreated and landed among his comrades, half blinded.

Just then the figure of a young woman was seen at the window for one brief moment—then she sank down out of sight, and a cry of horror went up from the crowd. All this happened within ten seconds after the young man in the crowd called attention to the young woman up

there. When the fireman ran back down the ladder, not daring to make the effort to save her, the youth bounded forward with the yell of "Make way there, you cowards!"

He reached the ladder and started up, when two firemen seized him. Quick as a flash he knocked them both down and then ran up to the window. A huge tongue of flame reached out to welcome him. He pulled his slouch hat well down over his eyes and leaned over into the window.

"The fellow will be roasted!" cried the foreman of No. 1.

"He can't save her, and will perish himself!" cried another.

"Look! Look!" cried a hundred voices, as he lifted the form of the young woman out of the window, tucked her under his right arm and began the descent.

The crowd yelled encouragement to him. She was in her night dress and it was ablaze in a dozen places. Of course she was unconscious and badly burned. His coat and hat were on fire, too. But he descended with a celerity that astonished even the old firemen, and as soon as he was relieved of his burden he threw away the hat and coat. Firemen and spectators sprang forward to grasp his hand in congratulation. No one seemed to know who he was. He was a sturdy youth of about eighteen, with a light in his eyes that told of an indomitable spirit that had been aroused by the emergency.

"Better attend to the fire," he said to the firemen around him. "If it gets hold of the next house there you will have a deal of trouble with it."

Just then the fire chief himself called out to the firemen to turn their attention to the next house, which the flames were trying to reach. They very promptly obeyed, and two streams were turned on, while two more continued to battle with the flames. In the meantime the young lady who had been so near to a horrible death had been conveyed to one of the residences across the street, where the rest of the family had gone and physicians called in. The young man who saved her life disappeared in the crowd, bare-headed and coatless.

By almost superhuman efforts the fire was kept in bounds, and the many beautiful residences on the street saved. It was learned the next day that a servant girl, who slept on the top floor, had perished in the fire. But everywhere in the town people asked each other:

"Who was the young man who saved Minnie Macomb's life?"

But nobody seemed to know. The morning papers had glowing accounts of the marvelous rescue—and two aristocratic young members of Fire Company No. 1 had blackened optics to show in proof of the fact that he was one well able to save or take life. One of the young men, Rudolph Curtis, said to the fire chief:

"I am one of Miss Macomb's many admirers, and would have given my life to save her; but when I looked up at that window and saw nothing but red flames there, I was fully persuaded that she was dead, hence it was my duty to prevent another life being sacrificed in a useless effort. That is why I tried to prevent that young fellow from going up there. He wasn't a

fireman, and any fireman would have tried to do it. But I am glad he went up in spite of us, even if he did knock me down. I don't care to run up against his fist again," and he laid a hand tenderly over his blackened optic as he spoke.

Though badly hurt himself, Judge Macomb sent for the fire chief and asked him to find out who the young man was. The chief said he was trying to do so, but had not found any one who knew him. At last a little newsboy, Benny Hurd by name, said in the presence of an officer that he knew the fellow.

"He hasn't been here but a few days," Benny said. "He is stopping at Widow Morrison's on Elm street, and is looking for work."

"Well, show me where Widow Morrison lives," said the officer, "and I'll treat to a pint of peanuts."

"I'm your kid," said Benny. "Come ahead," and Benny led the way down the street to the little boarding house kept by the Widow Morrison.

The officer knocked and the widow's pretty seventeen-year-old daughter Maggie opened the door. She seemed to be quite astonished when she saw his uniform.

"I am looking for the young man who was at the fire last night," the officer said to her.

"What's he done?" she asked.

"Why, he saved the life of a young lady who was just burning up," he answered.

"And you want to arrest him for that?" she asked, her eyes opening wide in amazement.

"Arrest nothing!" he laughed. "We have been told to find him, for the fire chief and everybody else wants to see and know him. Is he here?"

"Yes, sir. Come in," and the officer went in and Benny waited outside for his pint of peanuts. In the sitting room the officer waited for Mrs. Morrison to come in, as Maggie had to see her and tell her what he wanted. The widow was a good motherly soul who had a hard struggle to support herself and daughter by keeping a little boarding house for mechanics.

"His name is Tom Barry," she said to the officer. "He came here a week ago in search of work, with just one dollar in his pocket and no clothes save what he has on his back. He told me his condition, and asked me to trust him for one week, and I have done so, for he has an honest, frank way about him that makes me believe in him. But he has not been able to find work, and now he is without a coat or hat, and is pretty badly burned about the neck and on one of his hands."

"Where is he from?"

"He says he came from Albany here, but I am sure it is not his home. He is well educated and a good talker."

"May I see him?"

"Why, yes, if he has no objection," and she arose and went upstairs to a little room where the young man was lying on a bed.

He had just dressed his hurts. She told him that a man downstairs had come to see him and advised him to go down and see what he wanted.

"He may be able to do something for you," she said.

He went down with her, and the officer rose to his feet and bowed.

"You wish to see me?"

"The chief of police instructed us all to find out who it was that performed such a heroic deed last night. A little newsboy told me you lived here, and I have called to see you. I hear you are in search of work?"

"Yes, I came here expecting to find something to do."

"Well, stay here and we'll see that you get work."

CHAPTER II.—Tom Barry Joins No. 4.

"I am sorry you were hurt," Mrs. Morrison said to young Barry, when the officer was gone. "It may be a lucky thing for you that you went to that fire."

"It was lucky for the young lady, at any rate," he replied.

"Your saving her may open the way to employment of some kind."

"I hope so, for I am now without a coat or hat."

"Yes, and as soon as he hears of it, Judge Macomb will send you all the hats and coats you want. He is very rich and, I have heard, very generous to the poor."

"Well, I don't want any charity. All I want is employment, and I can take care of myself."

"But it would not be charity to make good your loss."

"No, of course not. I was speaking of it in a general way."

Two hours later a knock at the door of the cottage caused Mrs. Morrison to drop her work in the kitchen and run to the front. A tall, well-dressed, middle-aged man stood there.

"Is Mr. Barry in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to see him."

"Come in and I'll call him down."

He took a seat in the neat little sitting room, while the widow called Barry down from the foot of the stairs. He came down and the man rose to his feet, bowed and extended his hand, saying:

"My name is Walcott. I am Judge Macomb's law partner. I have come at his request to thank you in his name for saving the life of his daughter at the fire last night. He is too badly hurt to call in person."

"How is the young lady, sir?"

"Pretty badly burned and suffering a great deal. Burns are always painful, you know."

"Yes, very. I am glad it is no worse with either of us."

"I hear that you lost your hat and coat at the fire?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will let the judge make good the loss to you, of course?"

"Yes, if he wishes to do so. The truth is, I am away from home with no change of clothes with me, otherwise I would not accept them."

"A clothier will call to take your measure and send the things to you. Judge Macomb will call on you in person as soon as he is able."

"I shall be glad to meet him, but tell him to put himself to no trouble on my account. The greatest favor he can do me is to assist me in

getting work. I am a cabinet-maker by trade, and a skilled workman."

"Ah! The judge is a stockholder in one of the largest establishments of that kind in the city. He will gladly find a place for you."

"But he must not displace another to do so. I am not that kind of a man," and he shook his head.

"I'll tell him that. It speaks well for you, permit me to say."

"I have no one to take care of but myself. Some other might have a mother or wife depending on him."

"Yes, I know. Tell me, do you need any medical attendance for your burns?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Morrison dressed them for me. I believe she spent a dollar or so for lotions, which I will repay as soon as I can get work."

"Will you let me leave some money with you—from Judge Macomb? You know how men feel about such things."

"Yes, I think I do. If you will let it be understood that I may return it some day in the future I would be glad to get ten dollars. I can then settle with my landlady, who is really unable to let me owe her for board."

"Why, my dear sir, you can have a thousand if you wish it!" said the lawyer.

"It would take me a long time to repay that amount," he laughed, shaking his head. "I don't care to contract such a debt."

"But the judge thinks he owes you more than he can ever hope to pay."

"Yes, I understand. It's a father's love for his child, and quite different from a financial debt."

"Well, I must say you are quite different from all the people I have met," remarked the lawyer.

"I simply wish to preserve my self-respect, sir. I have much satisfaction in the thought that I saved the young lady's life. That I can enjoy to the fullest extent, and still more so when I hear that she has recovered from her hurts."

"Yes, yes; of course," and the visitor laid a bill under a book on the little table where Barry could see it. "I shall see that you get work at your trade, and that very speedily," and then he arose and extended his hand to Tom.

"I shall be able to work in a few days, when my hand has healed. It is very sore to-day."

"Take your time, my dear sir. One can't work when in pain—at least I can't."

"I have had to do so, and could again," said Barry, as he shook his hand.

The man left and Tom went to the little table to look at the bill which had been left there for him. It was a \$50 note. His eyes opened wide.

"He is generous indeed," he said to himself. "I'll pay a month's board and keep the balance for the doctor, if I have to send for him," and he went into the little kitchen where Mrs. Morrison was at work, told her just what had passed between the visitor and himself, and tendered her the bill, saying:

"Take out a month's board, or more, if you need it, and I'll keep the balance for the doctor. I may have to send for one."

"Thank you," said the widow. "I'll take one month's board and pay rent with it. I know you

ought to have a doctor, for that is a bad burn on your neck."

She sent Maggie to have the bill changed, and Tom returned to his room. The next day the chief of the fire department called to see him. He was a hearty, genial man, and young Barry enjoyed the visit very much, even though he was suffering a good deal from his burns. He said to Barry:

"We have a fire company in the city made up of young men about your own age. They have asked me to persuade you to join them."

"I was never in a fire company," said Barry.

"Nor were they till they joined—nor any other firemen, as for that matter. You have the stuff, though, that good firemen are made of. The boys of No. 4 have an old hand engine, which was the first ever owned by the city, and they are at a disadvantage as against the steamers. But they are brawny young fellows, and brave as lions. I think you could work with them in such a way as to make No. 4 the best company in Barrington."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Barry. "I'll join them as soon as I get to work."

A day or two later the foreman of the Barrington Cabinet Works called to see him, saying he had been sent to tell him there was a place for him in the shops.

"I won't take any other man's place," said Barry.

"You won't have to. We take on new men every week almost, and they come and go, the same as in any other large shop."

"Very well. I'll be able to get out inside of another week, I think."

"We shall be glad to have you with us. All our men are glad you are to be in our trade. Some like you for your rescue of the young lady; others for the beautiful decorations you put on the two dude firemen who got in your way that night. Lord, but you should see them! They show a mile off," and the foreman laughed as he made the remark. He shared the common feeling of workingmen against the "dude" element in life.

Barry laughed, too, and said he did not mean to do anything save to put them out of his way. He had seen the young lady at the window and believed she could be saved. When he saw the fireman back out he could not resist the temptation to make the effort himself.

"Well, she owes you her life," said the foreman.

"I am glad she does, otherwise she would have perished."

Ten days later Young Barry was at work in the cabinet works. He wore a neat suit which had been sent to him by Judge Macomb's orders, and it fitted him well. When he joined No. 4, the chief of the fire department went with him, and the boys received them both with cheers. The chief believed it incumbent on him to show some partiality to No. 4, because the members were the youngest firemen in the city, hence he made it a point to meet with them often to encourage them.

"I have come here this evening," he said, "to see my young friend Barry become one of you. I was so sure you would give him a cordial welcome I wanted to see you when you did it. I am

satisfied, and any man in the world would be with the welcome you have given him. I want to see all of you shake hands with him and become his friends. He has the right sort of stuff in him and will make a good fireman."

The boys crowded around the chief and young Barry, shaking hands and asking questions.

Every member made his personal acquaintance. Hugh Dalton, the foreman of No. 4, offered to resign his place and let him have it.

"No, no!" Barry said. "I am no fireman. Let me serve my time with the rest of you. I can put on as many pounds pressure as any other in the company, and that's where I'll work."

The boys were more than pleased with him, and he with them. They spent two hours there, and then went to their homes for the night.

CHAPTER III.—A Marvellous Feat.

Tom Barry was at work in the great Barrington Cabinet Works one day when a tall, portly man, wearing glasses and using a cane as though a bit lame, came and stood by his bench as if to see him at work. He looked up at the stranger and bowed, but did not neglect his work. The man bowed also, and stood there in silence some five minutes gazing at him. Finally the latter said:

"Your name is Barry, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," Tom replied.

"My name is Macomb."

Tom looked up at him quickly and said:

"You are Judge Macomb?"

"Yes, I was once a judge."

"I am glad to see you, sir. I want to thank you for the position you have given me here."

"And I want to thank you, too," said the judge, extending his hand to him. "I can't thank you enough, but I will say to you that I'll be your friend through good and evil report and under all circumstances."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir," said Tom. "I hope you will never hear any evil report of me. I know how you feel, sir, but I'll never try to presume on what I did. I hope you and your daughter have both recovered from your injuries."

"Thank you. I am a little lame yet, and my daughter is still confined to her room. She desires to see you when she is able to do so."

"I shall be pleased to present myself whenever you tell me to do so, simply to please her, as well as to see her."

"Do you like your work here?"

"Very much, sir, and the pay is good. The tools are finer and better than any I have ever used, and that enables me to do better and finer work."

"The foreman tells me you are a fine workman. I hope you will stay here and develop all your skill in the line of work you have to do."

"I hardly think I could ever wish to go elsewhere since circumstances have brought me such friends, and——"

He never finished the sentence. The great fire bell struck, and he stopped to catch the number of the district. It was in No. 4 district.

"I have joined a fire company, sir," he said, looking up at the judge.

"Do your duty," said the latter, and Tom threw off his apron and dashed out of the building at a breakneck speed. In half a minute he was at the quarters of the old hand engine. The boys donned helmets and shirt with lightning-like rapidity. On helmet and shirt front were "No. 4" in white silk.

With a yell they dashed out of the old building, dragging No. 4 after them, and went roaring through the streets like an avalanche. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and many vehicles were on the streets. A carriage drawn by two spirited bays was coming from the opposite direction. A collision seemed imminent. The driver tried to turn out of the way, but the frightened steeds wheeled square around, turning the carriage over and making a wreck of it. In it was an elderly lady who screamed for help.

Tom left his place with the engine and ran to her assistance. He seized both horses by the bits and pushed them back on their haunches, as with the strength of a Samson. They tried to rear and plunge, but he held them down till two men ran up to aid him.

"Hold them!" he said, and then he dashed to the carriage and rescued the lady from the wreck, took her in his arms and ran into a drugstore with her, placed her in a chair, saying:

"There! You are out of danger now," and then wheeled and ran out again.

He was scarcely half a minute behind the other boys at the fire.

"Here, Barry!" cried the foreman. "There are children up in that second story! Quick, man! The building is a tinder box."

Tom ran up the ladder with the speed of a squirrel, and disappeared through the window, in the face of fiery blasts.

"By George, but that fellow doesn't know what danger is!" exclaimed the foreman of No. 2. "They are all dead in there by this time!"

Nearly two minutes passed, and that means a great deal in a fire in an old frame building like that one. People held their breaths. The flames roared and the fire engines puffed and rattled under the strain to which they were subjected. Suddenly some one sang out:

"Look! There he is!"

He was climbing out of the window with a woman in his arms. He held her in front of him round the waist, and she held a baby in each arm.

"Oh, heavens, they will fall and be killed!" cried a voice below.

Their clothes were on fire.

"Throw water above 'em and let it fall in a shower on 'em!" cried Hugh Dalton, foreman of No. 4 to the nozzleman, and he did so. The water rained on them in a shower. Barry began to descend with his back to the ladder, a most dangerous and difficult feat. When halfway down he shook off his hat, and hung on to a rung with the back of his head, while he hugged the sides of the ladder with his feet. Then he slid gently down to the ground, where the firemen, cheering wildly, relieved him of his charge.

He had saved a mother and her two babes. He could not separate them. She clung to them with the deathless love of a mother, so he gathered her in his arms and made the attempt to save all three at once, or perish with them. The chief of

the fire department ran to him, grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"How did you do it?"

"I don't know—but I had to do it or leave 'em all up there!" he replied.

Womanlike, the mother fainted when she saw she was safe with her babes. But the babes were unhurt, while she and Tom got several burns. Several other rescues were made by Nos. 4 and 2 firemen. It was utterly impossible to save the building. It burned like a pile of straw. The hardest work the firemen had to do was to prevent the flames from spreading. That they succeeded in doing so was a wonder, for it was both dry and hot, and the buildings were all old frames in that block. When the danger was past, the firemen of No. 2 crowded round No. 4 and cheered Barry, who had gone upon the engine to help on the force crank.

They pulled the engine back to their quarters. All the way there people on the street cheered them. At their quarters the boys themselves cheered Barry time and again. His feat in descending the ladder as he did was regarded as one that none but a professional trapeze performer could do. They could not understand how he did it.

"I don't know," he said; "I never did it before. I had to do it to keep from falling. I could not hold her with one arm. She weighs ten thousand pounds, boys, and yet she doesn't look it."

They laughed. She was a little woman who did not weigh over one hundred and thirty pounds. Her babies weighed about thirty-five pounds more. He went home to have his burns attended to and change his clothes. He was drenched to the skin with water. When he appeared at the cabinet works the next day, the workmen had read all about his feat in the papers. They cheered him lustily as he went to his bench. He laughed and bowed to them, saying:

"You'd have done the same thing, friends, had you been there."

He was working at his bench when a boy from the manager's office came up and said:

"They want you in the office."

CHAPTER IV.—"It Is Never Wise to Resist An Officer."

Young Barry lost no time in reporting at the manager's office. There he found two men who eyed him in a way he could not understand.

"You sent for me, sir?" he said to the manager.

"Yes. Do you know that gentleman there?" and the manager pointed to one of the two strangers.

Barry looked at the man, shook his head and said:

"No, sir. I have no recollection of ever seeing him before."

"Is this your picture?" the man asked, handing him a photograph.

Barry took it and looked at it carefully for a minute or so.

"No, I never sat for that picture, though it looks very much like me."

The man smiled and said:

"It was taken two years ago."

"Where?" Barry asked.

"Down in New York City."

"I was never in New York City in my life, sir!"

The man again smiled, and turning to the other one with him, said:

"You are satisfied he is the right man, are you?"

"Yes—fully. His name is Grady."

"What!" ejaculated Barry.

"Your name is Grady, and you sat for that picture, for I saw you do so."

Tom Barry was so astonished for a few moments he did not say a word. The first man laid a hand on his arm and said:

"I am a detective. You are my prisoner and must go back where you came from." He produced handcuffs.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I don't understand what you mean about going back. I do know, though, that you can't arrest me or put any irons on me."

"I can't, eh!" and he seized him by the collar.

Whack! Barry gave him a blow on the chest that sent him reeling clear across the room, where he came in contact with the wall, and sank unconscious to the floor. The other man sprang at him, but met the same fate, to the surprise of the manager and two bookkeepers in the office.

"Please shut the door, sir," Tom said to the manager, "and we'll see if we can find out what all this means."

The manager shut the door and stood gazing at Tom as though he regarded him as a wonder.

"What do they mean?" Tom asked him.

"He says you are a burglar and that your picture is in the Rogues' Gallery," said one of the bookkeepers, looking Barry squarely in the face as he spoke.

"I believe you," said the manager. "But that looks like you," and he pointed to the picture.

"Nevertheless, it is not mine. I know nothing about it. No man can come and pick me up that way."

"But it is not wise to resist an officer."

"No officer has any right to arrest an innocent man. I won't let any man arrest me without due process of law."

By that time the detective pulled himself together and sat upon the floor. The blow on the chest had knocked him out utterly. His face had the livid appearance of one in great pain. The other man lay where he fell and was groaning in pain. But the detective drew a revolver and said:

"Hold up your hands!"

"Never!" said Barry. "I am no criminal. I shall not try to leave here, but when you touch me to arrest me I'll give you a settler. Better go and try your hand on some one else."

"Don't shoot in here," said the manager, in no little terror.

"If he shoots and fails to kill me I'll make short work of him," said Tom, as the detective rose to his feet. The latter was game. He aimed the revolver at Tom's chest and ordered him to hold out his hands.

Quick as a flash Tom kicked him in the stomach and gave him a blow on the ear that again

laid him senseless on the floor. The clerks started to run out.

"Don't leave, gentlemen," said Tom. "It is all over. He'll have to go to the hospital now, I guess."

"I'll take care of this, though," and the manager took up the revolver, which had fallen to the floor, and laid it on his desk.

"Perhaps you had better," said Tom, and then he turned to the other man and asked:

"Do you want anything more of me, sir?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then get up out of here before I break some of your bones, you lying whelp! When you want to see me, you can find me at work at my bench."

The man was assisted to his feet. The blow on the ear had settled him. He was a man of peace after that. He sat down and gazed at Tom with a strange expression in his eyes.

"That picture looks like me—very much like me, but I never sat for it—was never in New York in my life. You want to be sure of your man before you tackle him."

"I am sure you are Grady," the detective said.

"Well, stick to it and try to take me if you wish to do so."

"Oh, there are plenty of ways to take you in."

"But you won't try it again yourself, eh?"

The man made no reply, and after a few minutes Tom added:

"You will please excuse me. I must go back to my work," and he made a low bow to him and went out and made his way back to his bench.

When the noon hour came, Tom quietly washed his face and hands and went home to dinner. On the way out of the shop the men stared at him in amazement. The story of what had happened in the manager's office had passed all through the big shop. Some believed he was guilty, and that he would not return from dinner, but make his escape from Barrington. Others said he would come back to work, as his manner indicated fearless innocence. When he did return and went to his bench the men cheered him. Half a hundred of them crowded around him to shake his hand.

"Much obliged to you, boys," he said. "I've never done anything I am ashamed of in all my life. If a man tries to arrest me without due process of law he takes a pretty big job on himself."

They laughed, shook hands with him, and went to their work. The next day the whole story was in the Barrington papers. The detective had told it as he lay on his bed in the hospital. Said he:

"The man with me identified him, and I tried to arrest him. He knocked us both out so quick we didn't know what ailed us. I am frank to say that he did not impress me as a guilty man. But the picture is the exact image of him—he admitted that himself—and the man said he recognized him. It may be a case of mistaken identity, but there can be no mistake about his ability to take care of himself. He is a young Samson in strength, and I don't care to run up against him again."

Tom was at his bench when Judge Macomb appeared at his side.

"Good morning, judge," he said, on seeing who he was.

"Good morning, Barry," returned the judge. "Have you seen the papers this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Well, you are innocent, are you?"

"As much so as you yourself are, Judge," he replied.

"Very well, then. Send for me when you need a friend or legal advice."

"Thank you, Judge."

CHAPTER V.—The Strange Woman in the Fire.

The story of the attempt to arrest young Barry on the charge of being a burglar whose portrait adorned the Rogues' Gallery in New York, created a tremendous sensation in Barrington. Only the day before the papers teemed with accounts of his daring rescue of a mother and two babes, and the whole city rang with praises of the dauntless fireman, whose skill and courage were unequalled by any in the State. Men and women were astonished, and there were many who believed him to be guilty, simply because of the picture and the fact of the attempted arrest. There are always people who believe the worst that is said of another, and he was no exception to the rule.

But his vigorous reply to the accusation also touched an element that exists in every community—that of manly resistance to wrong. The presence of the detective in the hospital, and his return to his work, told them that he was innocent, and nothing on earth could have convinced them to the contrary. The members of No. 4 called at his boarding house in a body, and told him they believed in him and that they would lynch his accusers if he but said the word.

"Oh, wait till they get me, boys," he said to them. "I am sticking to my work, and if they think they can come and pick me up without due process of law, let 'em try it. I say to you, face to face, that I never was in New York in my life, and never sat for that picture. It is not mine, though the resemblance is strong. I have never done anything in my life to be ashamed of, and do not fear any man on earth."

That pleased the boys, who looked upon his feat in knocking out the detective and his assistant with as much admiration as upon his feat of the triple rescue. They cheered him boisterously, and he went to the engine house with them. There they held an indignation meeting and wanted to pass some fiery resolutions. But he laughed and begged them not to do it.

"Just let it be," he said. "They probably won't try it again. If they do, and in the same way, a funeral may follow, but I won't be in the hearse. I am not quarrelsome—only a good-natured hard hitter—that's all."

They laughed and cheered. "Good-natured hard hitter" struck them as a funny phrase, and they repeated and laughed all the more. It was a jolly crowd and good humor prevailed, and it was close on to midnight ere they thought of going home.

A few days after Minnie Macomb called on him at the shop and expressed her gratitude to him for saving her life. They had a pleasant chat together, at the end of which she asked Tom if

he would call at the house on a certain date. Now Tom had never paid any attention to the gentle sex and was rather backward about putting himself forward where ladies were concerned, and told the girl so. But Miss Macomb would not take no for an answer, so it was arranged that Tom was to call the next Monday evening. Then Miss Macomb was driven away in her carriage.

That night Tom bought a new suit of clothes and others thing, so as to make a presentable appearance at Judge Macomb's house as possible. As he was on his way to his lodging house he met Hugh Dalton. They stood talking for a while and then separated. Shortly after they separated Hugh Dalton was sandbagged and left unconscious on the ground, where he was later found and conveyed to a hospital and the following day died. When Tom heard of it he was dumbfounded. He wondered if it was not meant for him instead of Hugh.

Hugh Dalton was buried, and all the firemen in the city attended the funeral.

That evening the fireboys met and Tom Barry was elected foreman of the company.

The next evening Tom called, as he promised, at the Macomb residence. Minnie had invited quite a number of young people and all the girls lionized Tom.

Suddenly when the festivities were at their height the great firebell rang out.

Tom and the others who belonged rushed out of the house in their best clothes and started for their respective fire-houses.

Tom knew from the signals struck on the bell about where the fire was. He was bareheaded. He reached the fire ahead of the engine. It was a tenement where a large number of people lived. Tom dashed into the building with several of the boys and a number of women were brought out. One woman that Tom brought out broke away from him and rushed back inside the burning building. Tom brought her out again and gave her into a man's hands to hold. But when Tom again entered the building the woman broke away from the man holding her and ran into the building again.

Several minutes passed and neither Tom nor the woman came out. Then word went around that Barry was dead. A party of girls from the Macomb house had come to the fire, and Minnie Macomb and her father were among them. When Minnie heard that Barry was dead she gave a scream and fainted. Her father took her up and carried her into a friend's house near by.

In the meantime, what had become of Tom Barry in that seething caldron of flame? He was in search of a child whom he believed had been left behind in one of the rooms, when he ran against the woman a third time. He caught her in his arms, and started to hustle out with her. But he was blinded by the strong smoke that filled the room, and ran against a wall with her. He felt along the wall for the door, the woman struggling with all her might to get away from him. A door was found, but it was closed. He kicked it open, and a terrible blast of flame shot in and completely enveloped him and his charge. It was then he believed it might be his end, but he held on to the woman, not knowing she was the one he had already

saved two times. In sheer desperation he rushed across the room and struck another door. It flew open, and he and the woman went tumbling down a flight of stairs to the cellar. The place was full of smoke, and bits of burning flooring were falling through to the ground floor of the cellar. The woman gave him no further trouble. He laid her in a corner and said:

"Wait here till I can find a way to get out. If I can't, we'll be baked meat in a very few minutes."

She said nothing, but buried her face in her hands, and sat as still as a stump. He looked about him, and saw an ax lying on the cemented floor. Taking it up, he looked around to get his bearings. Then, as soon as he had done so, he attacked the foundation wall between him and the next house. His immense strength enabled him to strike terrible blows. The stones and mortar fairly crumbled at each blow. In five minutes he had knocked a hole through the wall as large as a flour barrel. Then he dropped the ax and went to the woman, saying as he caught her in his arms:

"Come! Here's a way of escape!" and he tried to make her go through the hole.

She resisted, and he had to use force and rough handling, shoving her through the hole as unceremoniously as he would have done with a pig. Then he followed her, and found himself in another cellar that was very dark and foul smelling. But the air in there was free from smoke, and that was a very great relief indeed.

"You can breathe better now?" he said to the woman.

She looked at him in a dazed sort of way, but made no reply. It was too dark in there for him to see her face so as to recognize her.

"We must get out of here," he said. "The house may burn down, too," and then he turned to look for the steps that led up to the door. None was there! He quickly ascertained the fact that none had been built there—that it had never been used as a cellar at all. The house was built on the four foundation walls, and so the cellar was a dungeon in everything but name.

"Well, this is queer!" he exclaimed. "I don't know what to make of it."

A crash startled him. The floor of the house he had just left had fallen in—a heap of blazing timber.

"The ax!" he exclaimed. "I must get that!" and he sprang to the opening he had made in the foundation wall.

He had left the ax lying right under it. But when he reached for it his hand struck nought but fire. In sheer desperation he leaned through scattered the burning timber, and secured the ax. The handle was actually burning.

"This is the worst I ever struck," he said to himself. "I've got to cut another hole in the opposite wall," and he went at it like a wood-chopper.

He dealt powerful blows, and the stones and mortar fell at his feet. Fast and furious rained the blows, and in a little while he made an opening into the cellar of the third house. A few more blows and he had enlarged it till he could pass through it. Then he again turned to the woman, who now seemed perfectly docile. She went through without any trouble as soon as she

knew what he wanted her to do. Then he followed. Noises overhead told him the occupants were dragging out furniture.

"Here!" he said to the woman, as he caught her by the arm. "We can go up this way," and he ran up the little narrow stairs that led up from the cellar. The door was locked, but a kick sent it flying open.

Some women and men in the hallway looked at him in amazement. A stalwart man seized Tom by the collar and said:

"You are a stranger—what are you doing in my cellar?"

"I am Tom Barry, the fireman. I've brought this woman through from the house that is burning."

"Indeed! And how did you get there from the other house—two doors away?"

"Cut my way through with an ax."

"You are a fireman?"

"Yes."

"Where are your helmet and fireman's shirt?"

"I lost the hat below somewhere, and was at a party when the alarm was given. Now take your hands off me. You have detained me long enough."

"You will come along with me, young man," and he tightened his grip on Tom's collar as he spoke.

Quick as a flash Tom gave him a blow that laid him senseless on the floor. The half dozen women standing by at the time sprang at him and cried for the police. They pulled his hair and nearly tore the white shirt off him. He could not strike them, so he seized the woman whom he had rescued and ran out of the house with her. But he made a mistake and ran out into the rear yard. The women pursued him with every conceivable kind of weapon and pelted him mercilessly, screaming:

"Stop, thief! Stop, thief!"

Several men who were assisting in removing the furniture from the house ran to their aid, and Tom sang out:

"Hold up! Hold up! I am Tom Barry, the fireman!"

"Barry, be blown!" yelled a brawny fellow, springing upon him. "You are a thief!"

Tom made short work of him and two others. Then he sprang over the fence into the rear yard of the house that fronted on the next street, leaving his rescued woman with his assailants.

"They are worse than the fire," he laughed, as he ran to the rear door of the house.

Heads were protruding from every window.

"Will you let me pass through to the street?" he asked, looking up at the woman in the window.

"Yes," said one, and a man was sent down to open the door for him.

"What's the matter over there?" the man asked him.

"The women are excited and wouldn't let me pass through."

"Well, come this way," and the man let him out at the front door.

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, as he ran down the street to go round the block. In a couple of minutes he was round in the other street among the crowd of people who were looking on at the conflagration, and bemoaning the fate of the brave fireman.

"What fireman is lost?" he asked a bystander.

"Tom Barry! He went in there half an hour ago and hasn't been seen since," was the reply.

"What a pity!"

"Pity! He was worth all the firemen in the city!" said another.

Just then he saw Judge Macomb come out of the house in front of which he was trying to get through to his engine.

"Hello, Judge!" he sang out. "What are you doing down here?"

"Lord bless my soul!" gasped the judge. "There's Barry—alive and well!"

"Oh, there he is! There's Mr. Barry!" screamed a half dozen girls of the judge's party, and then several ran back into the house to tell Minnie, who had come to again and was waiting till a carriage could be sent for.

"Oh, he is alive! I've seen him! He is safe! Oh, I'm so glad!" and Minnie sprang to her feet and ran out of the door, to land in the arms of her father.

CHAPTER VI.—"Back to Your Posts, Boys! I'm All Right!"

Tom was eager to get to his engine, and let the brave boys know he was yet in the land of the living. He looked up at Judge Macomb and said:

"I am alive and well, Judge, but it was the closest call I ever had. I must get to my boys!" and he pushed through the crowd with such energy as to upset several people.

Somebody in the crowd recognized him and sang out:

"Barry! Barry! Here's Barry!"

The sensation was startling. Everybody wanted to see him and know that he had really escaped alive. They climbed up everywhere they could to get a glimpse of him. When he passed into the open space, held by the firemen, they sent up a cheer that was heard many blocks away. He was bareheaded, and his white shirt was in rags, torn by the women in the third house below the fire, who mistook him for a thief. The boys of No. 4 sprang from their engine to embrace him in their joy. The fire chief yelled through his trumpet:

"Keep to your work, No. 4!"

"Back to your posts, boys!" cried Tom. "I'm all right. We've got work to do yet!"

No. 1 was working close by, but not one of the boys cheered him when he reappeared. Nos. 2 and 3, on the right and left, cheered loudly when they heard that he had turned up alive and all right. The firemen had hard work to save the rest of the block. Three houses were destroyed, the old frames burning like tinder. They had to stay there nearly all night lest the fire start up again.

But when the women who had assailed him so savagely saw him with the firemen, directing the boys of No. 4, they were dumfounded. They had attacked the man who had saved more women and children from the flames than any dozen other firemen in the city.

"I didn't know it was him!" cried one of them. "He had no helmet nor fireman's shirt. How could we know him?"

But one of the men whom he had knocked down in the back yard of the house swore he'd be avenged. He said Barry could have made himself known had he wanted to, but he wanted to use his brute strength on everybody in sight. Judge Macomb had a time of it in getting his party of young ladies away. They wanted to see Barry themselves before they would return home, they said, and they stood upon the stoop of the house and gazed until they saw him. Minnie was in a state of great mental and physical excitement. The judge had to assist her to the carriage that finally came for her. The others walked back with the judge, three going with her.

"The shock was too much for her," he said to one of the girls, as he walked along with them.

When they reached the home of the judge, they found that Minnie had been put to bed. The girls were sent to their homes in their carriages, and the judge and his wife had a consultation over the swooning of their daughter.

"I fear it means that she has fallen in love with him," said he, shaking his head.

"I fear so, too," admitted the mother.

"What is to be done? We cannot let that go on, you know. He is a poor cabinet-maker. Yet we cannot cease to be grateful to him for saving her life."

"Send her to Europe—for her health," suggested the mother.

"But will she go?"

"Let me take her."

"Very well. But how will it be when she comes back?"

"We'll stay away till he marries some other girl. There'll be so many after him he will soon be captured."

"Very well. I am sorry to have you go, but it seems to be the only way. Above all things, don't let her know the object of the trip. You know she has a will of her own, and if she knew she would not go."

The next day Minnie was seriously ill, and the family physician was sent for. The judge gave him the cue. He advised to visit certain springs in Europe, as she was threatened with nervous prostration. In the meantime Barry had told how he escaped from what seemed to be certain death. The fire chief, and others, investigated and found the two holes made in the foundation walls by the ax in his hands. It seemed marvelous that he should have cut his way out as he did.

"But who is the woman?" he asked. "I took her out four times. Nobody seemed to be able to hold her. She must be insane."

The chief ordered an investigation, and strange to say, the woman could not be found. Tom told where he left her among the women who attacked him in that back yard. No one seemed to know anything about her. The women said she ran through the house and mingled with the crowd in the street as soon as Tom left her among his assailants. The man who had tried to hold her, when Tom brought her out of the fire, said that she seemed to have the strength of two men—that she wrenched loose from him with the greatest ease, and ran back into the burning house ere any one could stop her.

Her identity and whereabouts became a mystery.

tion, and the police of the city were ordered to find her. They made a thorough search for her, but all in vain, and she drifted into a mystery that was never solved other than by the belief that she again ran into the fire, unperceived, and perished there, a poor demented creature. But where did she come from? Hundreds saw her, but no one recognized her.

The families in the houses that were burned claimed that they had never seen her before that night. They also said that they could give no explanation of how the fire started.

"Then she was a wandering crank who set the house afire," said Tom, and that theory was accepted by nearly everybody in Barrington.

That very day Tom received a note from one of the young ladies, inviting him to make one of a party of young people to meet at her home on the following Tuesday evening. She also congratulated him on his escape from a horrible death at the late fire. Maggie, the daughter of his landlady, was looking at him as he read it.

"It's a lady's handwriting," she said, as he folded it up and put it into his pocket.

"Yes, it's from a lady," and he looked at her and smiled.

She laughed and said:

"You won't tell me who she is, will you?"

"No. A gentleman should never do such a thing, should he?"

"No," and she seemed a bit put out with herself for asking the question.

Half an hour later a boy brought a note to the house for him. Maggie took it to him, saying:

"Here's one from a man this time."

"Thank you for bringing it up, Maggie," he replied.

It was a note purporting to come from one of the members of No. 4, asking him to come to him at once at his house, as he had something important to tell him—something he ought to know. He at once prepared to go, little dreaming what was in store for him.

CHAPTER VII.—The Terrible Effect of the Sandbag.

Tom left his boarding house at about 8:30 and started off down a little dark street, making a short cut to the home of Jerry Sullivan, the one from whom he received the note. He had gone about two blocks, and was turning a corner, when a blow on the back of his head sent him reeling into the gutter.

"Got him that time, by all that's holy!" he heard a voice say, and then another blow was struck at his head as he lay on the ground. The blow simply grazed his head, and served to suddenly bring him to.

He sprang to his feet and seized one of the two men whom he ran up against. The other one aimed a blow at his head with what seemed to him in the dark to be a club as big as his arm. He wheeled, and the blow landed on the head of the man he had seized. He heard him give a groan, and felt him weaken and sink down to the ground. Letting go of him, he sprang at the one with the club and caught him by the col-

lar. With his right hand he dealt him a terrific blow in the face. The man groaned and would have fallen, but Tom held him up and gave him a half dozen blows on the face, neck and on the chest. Then he let him drop. Both were lying still and silent on the ground, and he stood there waiting for them to get up and renew their intentions to him. But after some minutes they were still silent and motionless.

"I guess they have enough," he said. "I'll go on and see Jerry. Maybe they will wait here for me and try it on again. Hope they will," and he went on to the home of Jerry Sullivan.

"Lord, but my head swims!" he said. "It was a sock-dolager they gave me. It must have been a sandbag they hit me with, for it felt like a thunderbolt."

At Jerry's home he found that he was not there—had gone out immediately after supper.

"He sent me a note to come here at once," he said to Jerry's father.

"When?" the old man asked.

"Half an hour ago."

"He didn't send it from here, then, for he has been out nearly two hours."

"Well, tell him I called, please."

"Yes, so I will," and Tom turned away and started back the way he had come.

But at the next corner he felt so queerly he decided to go to the hospital and have his hurt examined.

"I may be worse hurt than I know," he said, "and they'll tell me there."

In ten minutes more he reeled into the hospital and said:

"I've been hit on the head and feel queerly, doctor. Please tell me if there is any harm done."

"Let me see," and the doctor made an examination of his head.

"Why, this looks like a blow from a sandbag! How did it happen?"

Tom told him, and he said:

"You must lie down and be quiet. Here, come this way," and the doctor led him to a room and assisted him to undress and get to bed. In a little while he was in semi-conscious condition. The doctor knew what remedies to use, and lost no time in applying them. Then he sent for the chief of police and told him what Barry had told him, and no time was lost in making a search for the assailants of the young fireman. The two were found lying where they had fallen, by an officer.

"Hanged if I don't believe both are dead!" exclaimed the officer, as he undertook to arouse them. They seemed so, and he summoned help to have them removed to the police station. There a surgeon pronounced them both dead—one killed by a sandbag blow, and the other by the blows given on face, neck and chest by Tom Barry.

It was near midnight when the discovery was made, yet half the city knew it before morning, so great was the sensation that followed it. The morning papers had a brief mention of it, and hundreds of people visited the station to see the bodies of the villains, and as many more to the hospital to hear how Barry was. He was able to tell his story to the chief of police, who immediately sent for Jerry Sullivan. That young fireman denied that he had sent any note to Tom,

and it was soon found that the handwriting was not his.

"It was a ruse to lure him to his death," said the chief, "and fate turned it into an instrument for their own taking off. One killed the other by a blow intended for Barry, and then Barry finished him by a few blows with his fist. Lord, what blows they were! The man's head was split, and so was his neck. His fist is a sledge hammer!"

The entire city was thrown into a furore of excitement when all the particulars became known to the people. No one could identify the two dead men, though more than two thousand people looked at the bodies during the day.

"Well, I know I hit him hard," said Tom at the hospital, when told that the man was dead, "for I was mad. They waylaid me in a cowardly manner and so I have no regrets. It was a miracle that I escaped being done for, and——"

"There are two ladies here to see you, sir," said an attendant, entering the room.

Tom was seated in an armchair, propped with pillows.

"Two ladies! Well, ask the doctor about it."

Just then the doctor came in with Minnie Macomb and another young lady. Miss Macomb ran to him, knelt by the chair, looked up into his face and said:

"I have come to nurse you, my friend! Don't send me away. Oh, why do they try to kill you!" and her eyes filled with tears.

"They haven't quite succeeded, my sweet friend," he said, with a faint smile. "It is kind of you to come to me, and I thank you for a glimpse of your face. How beautiful you are! All the time I was unconscious your face was floating before me. It is the only thing I can remember. It was like a dream," and he laid his hand on her head as he spoke. Her face lit up with a light of joy and happiness.

"No, I won't send you away," he added, as if talking to himself. "I would kill a thousand men to keep you! I could never die with your face before me, for it is the face of an angel, and angels live always, and are always beautiful—oh, how beautiful!" and his hand wandered all over her face as he spoke. Then he caught her hands in both of his and held them, looking into her eyes like one in a dream. "You are the only angel I ever saw, and how beautiful you are—how beautiful!" and again he felt her face. She suddenly seemed to be in a state of terror.

"Doctor—doctor!" she gasped. "He is out of his head! Oh, save him—save him who saves others!" and she tried to spring up, but he held to her hands with a viselike grip.

"You must not leave me!" Tom said. "I would die if you left me! As long as I see you, I'll live! There is life in your beautiful face! I snatched you from the flames that you might some day save me and give me new life. Your smiles make my heart dance with joy, and your soul with life, and give me the strength of a giant!"

Two doctors, an attendant and the companion of Minnie Macomb listened with great interest. They saw he was out of his head, and tried to get her away from him. But he held her hands tightly, and one of the doctors gave her a little an opiate. Soon he slept, and the two ladies re-

laxed, and she rose to her feet, threw herself into the arms of her companion and burst into tears. The matron was called, and she led the two ladies to another room.

"Give me a nurse's cap and apron," said Minnie. "I won't leave him. I'll stay and nurse him. He loves me—wants me—wants me to stay by him, and I will."

"I fear your presence would make him worse," said the matron.

"No—he said he could never die as long as I was with him! I won't leave him! I won't leave him!"

CHAPTER VIII.—The Faithful Nurse.

The change that had come over young Barry the moment he saw Miss Macomb was alarming. The doctors said it was proof of the force of the blow he had received on the head, and that he was really in a dangerous condition. Minnie Macomb refused to leave the hospital, and as her father was one of the heaviest contributors to its support, the surgeons decided to let her stay. Her companion drove to the judge's home and told where she was and what had happened there. In great alarm Mrs. Macomb hastened to the hospital and tried to persuade her daughter to return home. But she flatly refused, saying:

"He saved my life, and I'll save his."

"But the surgeons will do that," urged her mother.

"I will help them. A nurse is as useful as a doctor."

"But you are not a trained nurse," said her mother. "You have no experience, my child."

"Never mind that, mother. I can be with him, and that will do him good. Oh, he begged me not to leave him, and I won't!"

"But he was out of his head."

"True, but the wish was in his soul and heart. Go home, mother. I am going to stay here."

The mother went in quest of Judge Macomb and he, too, came and urged in vain that she go home with her mother. She threw her arms around his neck, kissed him and said:

"Father, you never taught me to be ungrateful when I was a little girl, and it is too late to begin now. I am going to nurse him here till he is out of danger. Don't urge me to leave him. Don't have any fears for me, either. He never left me when the fierce flames were devouring me, and I won't leave him now, when he says he could not die with me near him."

The judge turned to his wife and said he believed the girl was right, and that she could stay so far as he was concerned. Then the mother burst into tears, and Minnie left the room to avoid a scene. The result was, the father and mother went home without the daughter. Of course, the young lady with her repeated the scene she had witnessed to all her friends, and a romance of the truest type was talked of in every circle of society in Barrington. Every young lady applauded her and were blamed her. But the story of what he had said in his delirium assumed new colorings with each repetition.

In a few days Tom came to and found Minnie

Macomb at his bed-side, with the matron of the hospital. Here was the first face he recognized.

"Ah! You have been here all the time," he said. "I saw you in my sleep. I see you all the time, and always so beautiful."

"The fever is broken," said the matron, "and you'll soon be up now."

"Have I had a fever?" he asked.

"Yes, for several days."

"And I didn't know it."

"No. You didn't know anything or anybody. A great many of your friends called to see you, but they had to go away without seeing you."

"I have some very good friends," said he.

"Yes, and none more true than Miss Macomb. She has nursed you day and night for four days."

"She's an angel."

Minnie had gone out of the room and did not hear what was said, for she feared he would say things to her which she did not wish the matron to hear.

"What has been done about those two men?" he asked. "Did they find out who they were?"

"No—they have not as yet. They have been buried."

"Ah! And that is the end of them. They came near taking me along with them. I don't regret killing that fellow."

"I am sure no one else does," the matron remarked.

The doctor came in, accompanied by Minnie. She had gone after him.

"Ah! You are all right now, Barry," greeted the physician. "All you need is rest and quiet."

"And my angel nurse here," Tom added, taking Minnie's hand in his. "I can't get well without her, doctor."

"You must not be too exacting, my dear boy. She has been with you night and day for over one hundred hours. She has not your iron constitution. She is now on the verge of nervous prostration. She must go home and rest."

"Yes, you are right, doctor. She must go home, and—God bless her! She's an angel, doctor!"

"That's what every one says," laughed the doctor. "Tell her good-by now and let her go."

"May I call every day and see him, doctor?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, of course. He is as much your patient as mine."

"Do you hear that?" she laughed. "You have two physicians, you see."

"Yes, and you are the best of the two. I beg pardon, doctor. You give me some nasty stuff to take, and she does not."

They both laughed, and then Tom kissed her hand and said:

"Go home and rest."

She turned and left the room. An hour later she was at home and soundly sleeping—the happiest girl in all Barrington, for she knew in her heart that the brave fireman loved her. He had not told her so, but she knew it just as well. His recovery was rapid. His iron constitution and will power pulled him through. Miss Macomb called every day with her mother, and spent half an hour each time with him. Other friends called, too, among them many ladies. Little Maggie Morrison was one of them and he was grateful to her.

But the boys of No. 4 were preparing a great reception for him when he should appear in their midst; and the members of Nos. 2 and 3 had joined in the programme. No. 1 did not feel called upon to bother themselves about it at all. They had hired a hall and decorated it in the most elaborate manner, and an open reception was to take place there on Wednesday evening. Tom knew nothing about it, and so, when he left the hospital on Monday, he went to his boarding house. Maggie and her mother had made everything cozy for him.

"I am glad to get home again," he said to the widow, "and hope to get to work again in a few days. Every one has been kind to me—so much so I have a heavy feeling of obligation resting upon me."

On Wednesday evening the boys of No. 4 called with the old engine. They forced him to put on a new fireman's suit and go out for a ride on the old fire squelcher. He was in high spirits, and went along with them, little dreaming where they were taking him. They halted in front of a big hall where Nos. 2 and 3 also stood, and a band of firemen cheered him.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's up, boys?"

"Oh, we are having a little racket upstairs," said the foreman of No. 2, "and we have been waiting for you. Come up, old man!" and they seized him and bore him upstairs on their shoulders.

Inside the hall he found nearly a thousand people, old and young, who set up a vociferous cheering when they saw him. They bore him all round the big hall, and he saw many familiar faces in the crowd. The mayor and all the aldermen were there, and they were the first to grasp his hand when he was placed on his feet.

CHAPTER IX.—In Which Tom Is Made Fire Chief.

"Well, this is a surprise, indeed!" Tom exclaimed. "What's it all about, anyhow?"

"Well, it's about you, my boy!" said the mayor, as he shook his hand. "Your friends have come here to have some fun with you. The aldermen have voted to build a fire engine house for No. 4. Then they elected you chief of the fire department."

"What!" gasped Tom.

"Yes, you are now chief of the fire department, with the salary that goes with it—\$1,500 a year."

"But the old chief isn't dead yet!" he exclaimed. "I won't have it. He is my friend, and——"

"But he has resigned to take a better paying place," explained the mayor.

"Then that's all right. Just tell me how I am to thank you and the aldermen, Mr. Mayor, and I'll do my best to do so."

"You can say what you please when we swear you in, and we are going to do that right away. That's what we are here for."

By that time a crowd of women, old and young, had crowded around him to shake his hand and congratulate him on his escape from the sand-baggers. He thanked them and had a pleasant word for each one. After a while the board

of aldermen took seats on the platform and the mayor presided. Tom was called up, notified of his election as chief of the fire department of Barrington, and asked if he accepted the position. On saying that he would, he was immediately sworn into office. The crowd cheered him as he took the oath. Said he:

"Mr. Mayor, Aldermen, and Friends: You have given me the greatest surprise of my life, and filled me with feelings of pride and gratitude. I cannot find words to adequately express to you the sentiments that fill my heart. All I can do is to express to you my thanks, coupled with the promise to try to do my whole duty in the position to which you have assigned me. However long I may live, I can never forget this scene, for in the faces before me I see only good will and friendship and it goes straight to my heart."

The very roof trembled from the applause that greeted him. It was a simple speech, but it was honest, came from his heart, and seemed to touch every heart in the house. The women were captured en masse.

As he was shaking hands with a party of women, he suddenly found himself face to face with Minnie Macomb and a dozen of her friends.

"Oh," he said, "I am so glad to see you! What a surprise!" and he shook hands with her and all her friends.

"We got here in time to hear your speech," she said, laughing. "Really I think you ought to be a lawyer. Father has said so a dozen times."

"Indeed! I have more respect for his judgment than any man I know. If I thought I could make such a lawyer as he is, I would try to be one."

Music and dancing went on till midnight, and Tom danced with Minnie and her friends. Then he danced with many other girls—factory girls, shop girls, servant girls. He was impartial and treated all alike, hence his popularity with them. When he left the hall to go home, the boys of No. 4 again took charge of him. They placed him on the old engine and pulled it through the streets to their old quarters. There he resigned his place as foreman, but retained his membership.

"I'll never belong to any other fire company, boys," he said, "and I am going to meet with you here as often as I can. I am young for such a place as chief, but we boys have shown that we are as efficient firemen as some men who have long beards. You are going to keep the place you have won, for I know the spirit that moves you. I am with you in all your work as firemen, and every member of old No. 4 can call his chief his friend."

It was a long time ere he got away from the boys, and even then they accompanied him to his home in a body. He bade them good night, and they gave him a cheer that awoke every sleeper in the block. The next day Tom resigned his place in the cabinet works and took possession of the office to which he had been elected. He spent the day getting an insight of his duties. That very evening a fire took place in a row of cheap tenement buildings and was so fierce as to threaten the destruction of a great deal of very valuable property. One of the houses was vacant, and it was in that one the fire originated.

Tom reached there even with the first company, which was No. 2, and found the whole house in flames, with the smell of oil very strong in the smoke.

"That house was set on fire," he said to himself, "and I am going to find out about it."

Four houses were destroyed ere it could be checked. No lives were lost, owing to the fact that it was an empty house. Tom learned the next day that the houses belonged to one Moyer, and that each house was insured to its full value. He had been trying to sell them for months. Then he began a systematic inquiry among the tenants in the block, and found two men and one woman who said they had seen Mr. Moyer, their landlord, leave the vacant house just a few minutes before the fire broke out there. But they did not suspect anything wrong in that, as he was in the habit of visiting his houses daily.

But Tom followed up the clue and soon had enough evidence, but of a circumstantial nature, to warrant him in reporting his suspicions to the insurance companies. Coming from the chief of the fire department, it had a tremendous effect on the insurance companies. They refused to pay and Moyer promptly sued. His lawyer soon learned that the fire chief had practically charged his client with having set fire to his property in order to get the insurance. Moyer turned pale on hearing of it, and made no remark other than to say he would see about it. Tom was seated in his office, reading a letter from one of the insurance companies, when Moyer entered. He was a big, burly fellow, with a bulldog expression of countenance.

"Barry, my name is Moyer," he said, as he confronted the young fire chief.

Tom had never seen him before.

"Ah! I've heard of you before. Take a seat, sir."

"No; I want an explanation of you about that fire, and your statement that I started it."

"It seems to me that an explanation should come from you," said Tom, "as you were there a few minutes before the fire started."

"That's a lie!" hissed Moyer, stepping fiercely up to him.

CHAPTER X.—"It's Worse Than a Fire!"

Tom seemed just the least bit surprised at Moyer's words and vehemence. But he smiled and remarked:

"I made the statement on the evidence of three respectable people, who said they saw you there."

"They lied. They never saw me there."

"Do you mean to say you were not there?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then the question of veracity is between them and you. They are said to be respectable people."

"Who are they?" Moyer demanded, very brusquely.

"Go and ask the district attorney. I am not at liberty to tell you myself."

"What has the district attorney to do with it?"

"The evidence has been placed in his hands to lay before the grand jury."

Moyer turned pale. He didn't know it had gone so far.

"Who gave him the evidence?" he asked.

"I did."

"Why did you not give me a chance to explain anything?"

"Because I had no right to call on you for anything. I am not a trial officer."

"Yet you have sought to ruin my character behind my back, giving me no chance to——"

"Hold on a moment, Mr. Moyer," said Tom, interrupting him. "If you will show me that I have pursued any other than the strict legal course in such matters, I'll make you a written apology. Can you do that?"

"Why, you never gave me a chance to make any explanation."

"It's the province of the district attorney to do that—not mine. It's my duty to report what I find out about the origin of fires—and that I have done."

"And reported, behind my back, to the insurance companies that I was suspected of——"

"Was it not my duty to do so?"

"No—you exceeded your duty. You slandered me like a coward behind my——"

"That'll do now. You had better get out of here, or you may have to go to the hospital."

"You can't send me there."

Tom smiled, but made no answer. He kept an eye on the man, though, for he was satisfied he had come in for a row.

"I say you can't send me there," Moyer repeated.

"I have no desire to," said Tom; "but if you don't leave this office in sixty seconds I'll throw you out."

"Well, I'll wait for you to throw me out."

Tom looked up at the clock on the wall and took off his cuffs. Then he removed his coat, laid it on a chair; and by that time the minute was up. He sprang at Moyer, who put up a guard. He hit him on the jaw and smashed the bones. Down went the fool, and then Tom opened the door and flung him out. He was taken up and sent to the hospital. He could not talk and explain how it happened, so Tom did that himself—to the mayor and chief of police.

The grand jury indicted Moyer for arson, and he gave bonds for his appearance while yet confined to the bed in the hospital. He had some friends, and a number of relations who were very bitter in their denunciation of the "young bully in the fire department."

One of the former was a man named Fuller, who was courting Moyer's daughter. He was a powerful young fellow who had the reputation of being the best man, from a physical standpoint, in his ward. He remarked in the presence of Moyer's wife and daughter that if he ever met Tom Barry on the street he'd lick him.

"If you will, I'll marry you the next day," said the daughter.

He had been begging her to marry him for months.

"Get ready to marry to-morrow, then," said he, "for I'll wait for him in front of his boarding house this evening and pound him till he cries 'Enough!'"

"I don't need to get ready. I'll go with you to the minister's house as I am."

He went off and hunted up two of his friends, told them of the job he put on his head, and

enlisted them in his cause. They were to go along to see fair play, and lend a helping hand, if he should need it, and give him the sole credit of the victory. It was about six o'clock when they met Tom in front of the Widow Morrison's. Fuller had taken a few drinks, and was full of both "Dutch" and "bulldog" courage. He jostled Tom rudely as he met him, and the latter said:

"Hello! What are you up to?"

"What's the matter with you?" Fuller demanded.

"What's the trouble with you?" Tom retorted.

"That's what's the matter!" hissed the bully, aiming a furious blow at Tom's face.

Quick as a flash Tom parried the blow, and gave him one on the nose that sent him reeling into the middle of the street, where he sank down in a heap to make some observations of dancing stars in the night. Instantly the other two dashed at Tom, only to be served in the same way—each man having his nose smashed flat against his face. All three noses were broken, and what beauty they ever had was forever destroyed. A broken nose can be healed, but the form is never restored.

Tom turned them over to the police, and then went in to dinner, without even having soiled his hands or his dress ruffled. There was no marriage in the Moyer family the next day. On the contrary, three physicians had employment on as many noses, for which they were paid at the rate of ten dollars a nose. Then the owners of the three noses had to pay ten dollars each as a fine for disorderly conduct.

Somebody told the story of Fuller's promised reward if he succeeded in thrashing the young fire chief, and the whole city laughed at him. The young woman's friends had to make a denial in her behalf. But Tom remarked that had he known that she wanted to marry, he would have taken the thrashing to oblige her. The remark was repeated to her by some unwise friend, and in her anger she threatened to horsewhip him. On hearing that, he remarked that he would make no resistance to an attack from her or any other woman.

In the meantime the committee to raise funds to build a monument to the memory of Hugh Dalton had raised ten thousand dollars, and the monument was to be unveiled in a beautiful part of the city cemetery. By unanimous consent Tom was chosen to deliver the oration, and all the fire companies of Barrington were to parade, and then march to the cemetery.

CHAPTER XI.—Two Hearts That Beat As One.

The selection of Tom Barry as the orator of the day, when the monument over the grave of Hugh Dalton was to be unveiled, was very satisfactory to all the firemen except those of No. 1. They spoke out freely and said the committee had made a mistake—that a man of an established reputation as an orator should have been chosen. Said their foreman:

"Barry is a fine fellow and a splendid fireman. But on an occasion like this, when an entire city turns out to honor an address, we should have a

learned man to hold the attention of a multitude of educated people. The members of No. 1 will be in the parade and do their whole duty as members of the city's fire department, but they feel that a great mistake has been made. As they have no responsibility in the matter, however, they have nothing to say."

Of course, Tom heard of it, and from that moment he made up his mind to try to make a speech he need not be ashamed of. Every spare moment of his time was devoted to the preparation of it. He had ten days in which to arrange it, and inside of five days he had it ready. Then within two days he had it fully memorized. One day he met Minnie Macomb on the street in her carriage. She stopped and signalled to him. He went to her side, when she asked:

"Will I have to have another fire at our home in order to get a visit from you?"

"No; I've been worried to death, almost, over that speech. It's worse than two fires."

She laughed and said:

"You have my sympathies. I have seen father worried in the same way. It's a good sign, however."

"In what way?" he asked.

"It's a sign that you are trying to make up a good one."

"Oh! Trying is one thing, and succeeding is another."

"Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, very much."

"I am sure I should be glad to do so. Tell me how, please."

"By staying at home that day and not be a witness of my failure."

"Well, I won't promise you that," she laughed. "I wouldn't miss it for my weight in gold."

"And yet I saved your life once," he said, with an air of reproach. "How ungrateful some people are."

"Oh, you can't play that game on me!" she laughed. "I am going to be there on a front seat."

"Nothing is so cruel as a woman," he said.

"Except man," she returned. "How have you treated me—your best friend in all the wide world? You have been chief of the fire department a month now, and during all that time you have not called on me."

"Do you know that it offends your mother to have me call?" he asked, in a half-whisper, lest the coachman should hear.

She seemed startled for a few moments, and then asked:

"Has she said anything to you about it?"

"Only with her eyes, but they spoke loud enough, I'm sure."

"Mr. Barry, do you believe my mother is an ungrateful woman?"

"No. Gratitude does not call for the letting down of the social barriers. She is grateful enough, but she does not care to have me visit her daughter."

"Do you wish to visit the daughter?" she asked, laying a hand on his arm and looking up into his face.

"Yes, above all things on earth."

"Then come and see me. I have a will of my own."

"That would make trouble, I fear," and he shook his head.

"Let it make trouble. I have an independent fortune of my own, and can dictate terms. Will you come?"

"When I have seen you again—yes," and he looked in the direction of the coachman.

"You can see me any time you wish, and anywhere," she said.

"Can you come to the monument this afternoon at, say five o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then do so. I wish to tell you something."

"I'll be there at five o'clock."

Then she drove away, and Tom returned to his office. That afternoon at five o'clock he was at the monument which stood over the grave of Hugh Dalton, looking at the workmen arranging the seats and platform for the great occasion so near at hand. There were over a score of people about when Minnie Macomb drove up and alighted from her carriage. They all knew who she was, and Tom raised his hat and bowed to her. Then he joined her and led her about, showing her the arrangements that were being made, making it appear as though the meeting was quite by accident. After some time spent about the monument they wandered off along a shaded walk. She was leaning on his arm, as they walked, listening to what he was saying. Suddenly he turned to her and said:

"I hope you have had no quarrel with your mother on my account."

"I have not," she replied. "She has been urging me for more than two months to go to Europe with her. She says that both she and I need the waters of a certain famous spring in Germany, and our family physician has told her so, too. But I have refused to go, as I am not in ill health, though I am not strong. I prefer to stay at home among my friends. That is the only quarrel we have had, and I am sure that no angry feelings were displayed."

"Did your father urge you to go, too?" Tom asked.

"No. He simply said if mother wished to go, I ought to go with her."

"What did you say to him?"

"I simply remarked that we had as good springs in this country as Europe had, and that she could find plenty of them within a day's travel of our home—that I did not want to cross the ocean at all."

"What a patriotic girl you are!" said Tom.

"I love my country, and am satisfied to live and die in it. Have you any desire to travel?"

"No. When I was unconscious from that blow of the sandbag, I was wandering all over the earth in my delirium. But everywhere I went I heard your voice calling me back."

"My voice?"

"Yes, clear and distinct, saying: 'Come back! Come back, Tom!' and I turned and followed the voice over hills, plains, and rivers, through dense forest and jungle, ever following the direction from which it came. When I came to, your face was the first one I saw at the hospital. But you did not cease to call me. I never sleep but I hear your voice calling me back. What does it mean, Minnie Macomb? I have obeyed the call

and have come back to know what you wish of me. Will you send me away again?"

"No!" came short, and sharp. "It was my heart calling to you. Has your heart come to me, Tom Barry?"

"Yes; it has never been away from you since that day you drove up to the cabinet works and called me out to your carriage. You took it away with you then."

"But I left mine with you," she said. "Do you wish to keep it?"

"Yes, and you with it. Will you let me?"

"Yes, and count myself the happiest woman on earth. I will be your wife, Tom."

"And I will be to you everything a husband should be to his wife, having but one motive in life—your happiness!"

"The life you saved shall be devoted to blessing yours," she added.

"When shall we marry?" she asked, after talking on for some time.

"As soon as I can prepare a home for you. I have but my salary, and——"

"I have houses by the score, and lands and stocks and money—left to me by my grandmother—and when I am yours, they are yours also."

"I don't want to live on your bounty."

"It won't be mine—it will be yours," she said. "Don't say any more about that. I'll furnish the home, and let you know when I am ready."

CHAPTER XII.—"The City Owes You Its Life."

When Tom led Minnie Macomb back to her carriage, she had such a happy look in her face that even the workmen there saw and noticed it. She was more beautiful than ever in her life before.

"If Barry doesn't fall in love with that girl he has no heart," said one of the workmen.

"He has heart enough," said another, "and if he isn't dead in love with her already, I am no judge of spoons."

"Have they been spooning?"

"Yes; but blind men like you could never see it."

"Did you see it?"

The other only smiled at the ignorance of his companion. Tom went home the happiest man in all Barrington that evening. He was singing all the evening up in his room, and the Willow Morrison asked him why he didn't buy a harp.

"I don't need one," he said.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The great fire bell rang out a call to all the firemen in the city. Tom sprang to his feet, seized his hat, and almost ran over the widow in his hurried exit from the house.

It was a great fire. It was in a block of warehouses where many thousands of dollars in goods were stored. No lives but those who were trying to save property were endangered. The high wind threatened to carry it to the lower part of the city where the loss of property would have been immense. Once there, during such a wind as was then blowing, the firemen would have been powerless to combat it. As it was, several firemen were injured and one killed. He belonged to No. 2. No. 1 had a position of the

greatest responsibility. If the fire passed them, all would be lost.

"No. 2!" Tom sang out to them, "everything south of you depends upon your holding it down at this point! Of all firemen in Barrington, you know the value of property. If all those houses out there belonged to me, I would place you here to save them. If you need help, let me know. Now is the time for every one to do his best!"

They cheered him—those aristocrats—for they felt his words, and knew he was not flattering them. The terrific conflagration raged with an intensity never seen in Barrington before. The man at the nozzle of No. 1 stood his ground till the smoke went up from his shirt, and his face and hands were blistered. Tom dashed to his side and said:

"You are a hero, sir! Let me relieve you!" and he took the nozzle from him. In five minutes another relieved him. Those No. 1 men were heroes. They never flinched. They stood by him, and he by them, till the danger was past.

"Gentlemen of No. 1, I salute you!" Tom cried, removing his helmet and bowing low to them. "You are heroes, who would die at your posts, if it were necessary! The city owes you its life!"

"I endorse every word of that!" cried the mayor, who had been a witness of the terrific struggle.

The men were too exhausted to even cheer him. Tom went to each one and shook his hand. They were touched to the heart, though blistered and burnt in many places.

"No. 1! You have saved the town!" Tom cried out, as they started for their quarters.

"Three cheers for the chief!" cried the foreman, and every member cheered lustily.

Nearly every man of No. 1 had to have his physician attend him, so badly did the heat serve them. Tom published a card the next day in which he named each member as a hero who stood his ground till the flesh cracked from the effects of the heat, saying:

"I challenge any fire company in the whole world to equal the record of No. 1 of Barrington."

That won them. They were his personal friends ever after that, and so, when the day of the unveiling of the Dalton monument arrived, they were the most eager and loyal friends he had in the parade. An immense crowd was at the monument to hear the young fireman's oration. They didn't know what sort of an oration it would be, but they knew it would be an honest tribute to the dead fireman. But it astonished all who heard it, for it was an oration, indeed. It was rich in thought and sentiment, profound in learning and eloquent and lofty in tone. It was a revelation to the vast audience, and thousands sat spellbound under the outpouring of a brave heart, loyal in its friendship to the heroic dead.

CHAPTER XIII.—"The Transom Was Open."

Among those who listened to the oration of the young fireman at the unveiling of the Dalton monument was Minnie Macomb. She never took her gaze from him once during the half hour he

spoke. Time and again did he look her straight in the face, as if speaking to her alone, and she seemed to feel that he was. She was his inspiration, though neither seemed to be aware of the fact. With her it was a series of surprises from start to finish. She was spellbound by his deep earnestness and impressive force, and could not help wondering who had aided him in the composition of the speech. When he spoke of the influence of women in man's career, he looked her full in the face and seemed to be telling her what her influence over him was—how she had inspired him to deeds that had more than once put his life in peril.

"From the cradle to the grave woman's hand is on the heart of man!" he exclaimed. "His best efforts in his chosen field are stimulated by her smiles, her friendship, her love and devotion. When she ceases to be in touch with him, his ambition wilts, his energies flag and failure follows. She is Heaven's best gift to man—the finishing touch of God's creative work, and so perfect is that work that all men, from Adam to the last born of earth, admire, love, reverence, worship it."

When the speech ended every one was satisfied that the committee had made no mistake in their selection of a speaker. The members of No. 1 were as eager to shake his hand and congratulate him as were the members of the other companies. As soon as he could get to her, he said to Minnie Macomb:

"I am glad you were here. You were my inspiration."

"I am glad, too," she said, "for it was a grand speech. You must be a lawyer, Tom."

"I will be whatever you make me."

She smiled, and then others came up and changed the current of their conversation. And among those who came to him was Maggie Morrison, his landlady's daughter, who said:

"Oh, what a splendid speech it was!"

"How could it be otherwise with so many pretty girls looking at me?" he laughed. Then he turned to Minnie and said:

"Let me introduce to you a good girl, Miss Morrison. I board at her mother's, and she has been good to me. She is good to everybody."

Minnie grasped her hand and kissed her—to Maggie's great astonishment. She had been good to Tom, and that was enough for her to know.

"I am glad to know you, Miss Morrison. I've heard Mr. Barry speak of you often," said Minnie.

"Indeed! Well, I've heard him speak of you, too. I heard him tell another young man you were the most beautiful woman that ever lived."

"Well, now, you've given yourself dead away, Maggie," laughed Tom. "I did say that, but it was in my room, and the door was shut. Where were you? Were you listening somewhere?"

Maggie blushed furiously but said quickly:

"No. The transom was open, and every one on that floor heard you. Listening, indeed! I won't be good to you any more, Tom Barry!"

Tom and Minnie laughed, and he added:

"Oh, you can't help being good, Maggie. It's your nature. You couldn't be mean if you tried ever so hard."

"That is the best compliment a gentleman could pay a lady," laughed Minnie. "I'm sure I'd appreciate it myself."

"Oh, he's good at compliments," said Maggie, but she was mollified. She felt proud of the notice Miss Macomb had taken of her. She believed that Tom was eager to show her off to the rich girl whose life he had saved.

Finally Tom escorted Minnie to her carriage and then went to his office, glad that the terrible strain was over at last.

"I am glad I took so much pains with that speech," he said to himself, "and got it all down right before the time came to fire it off."

At his office he found a man waiting to see him. He knew him as one of the Moyer tenants, who had been burned out, and who lost all his household effects in the fire.

"I came to tell you something you ought to know," said the man.

"What is it?" Tom asked.

"Sam Ellis and his wife are going to leave Barrington to-night."

"The deuce! Where are they going?"

"Somewhere out West, I think."

"How did they get money for the move?" Tom asked.

"From Moyer's wife."

"How much?"

"I don't know. The woman can't keep a secret, you know, and so my wife told me about it this morning."

"Wants to get them out of the way as witnesses. Well, I am very much obliged to you. I'll see if we can balk that little game," and Tom hurried to see the district attorney. Moyer was out on bail, and the trial was to come off in a few days. The district attorney at once procured warrants for the arrest of Ellis and his wife as absconding witnesses, and placed them in the hands of a detective, to be served in case they tried to leave the city. That very evening Tom himself entered the car where Ellis and his wife were seated.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, on seeing Ellis. "Where are you off to?"

"Just going to the country on a visit," he said, looking very much confused.

"Why, man, this is no time for you two to leave town. That case comes up on Tuesday next."

"Oh, we'll be back on Saturday," said Ellis.

"Well, you must give bail to make sure of that."

"Bail!"

"Yes; to appear and testify in the Moyer case."

"Oh, I can't give any bail. I guess I have the right to go out of town if I want to."

"Of course; but you must satisfy the judge that you will come back when he wants you to," said Tom.

"This is a free country. I've done no wrong, and——"

"See here, Ellis," said Tom, "where are you going to?"

"To the country."

"Will you let me see your ticket? You know how important it is that you be here on Tuesday."

"You have no right to——"

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Sam Ellis,"

said the detective, stepping up and laying a hand on his shoulder. "Also one for you, Mrs. Ellis."

"It's all up, Sam," said Mrs. Ellis. "We can't go."

Ellis was in a rage. He was disposed to resist, but he knew that the fire chief was there to help the detective, and that resistance would be futile.

"Who paid you to leave town, Ellis?" Tom asked, when they were out of the car.

"Nobody paid me."

"I happen to know differently. You'll have to go to jail if you can't give bail."

"Both of us?" Mrs. Ellis asked.

"Yes—you are both witnesses."

"Send for Mr. Moyer, Sam."

"Will you keep your mouth shut?" said Ellis, through clenched teeth.

"She can't give anything away I don't already know, Ellis. Mrs. Moyer put up the money to get you to leave town, only I don't know how much."

"We can give her back the money if you'll keep us out of jail," said the alarmed woman.

"All right—just give the district attorney the money and tell him all about it, and I'll give bail, or get bail for you," and they both agreed.

They were taken to the home of the district attorney at once and their story taken down, sworn to, and were permitted to go on their own recognizance, after leaving \$300 in money with him. The next day Moyer heard of what had taken place, and hurried to see his lawyer about it. The lawyer told him he could give him no advice in the matter without making himself liable to be broken as a lawyer.

"But," said he, "there is no law that can compel Ellis and his wife to tell the truth," and Moyer took the hint.

He sent his man Snow to see them, give them more money and have them deny that they had seen him in the building a few minutes before the fire broke out. But Tom had secured a witness of the admissions made by the woman, and was satisfied even to have them go away if they wished to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Charge of Forgery.

When the case of Moyer was called, a formidable array of counsel was on hand to defend him. He was now a thoroughly frightened man. But he had a great deal of money and a large number of friends willing to commit perjury to save him. The prosecution was prepared to push the case with the utmost vigor. One witness swore to having seen him in the building just a few minutes before the fire broke out, with an oil can in his hand—that he came out without it and some three minutes later the fire broke out. Another told where he had bought the oil; another, an insurance man, told of his placing additional insurance on the houses a short time before. Then Sam Ellis was called and he went back on the story he and his wife had told Tom and the district attorney.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "I would ask the court to inform the witness what the penalty is for perjury on the witness stand."

"It is a state prison offense," said the judge, looking at the prisoner.

The witness was in a panicky condition of mind, and, after contradicting himself several times, broke down and confessed that he had been given money by Snow to swear falsely, and that Mrs. Moyer had paid him and his wife \$300 to leave Barrington before the trial—which money he had turned over to the district attorney after his arrest. Moyer's lawyers fought hard to save him, but without avail. He was found guilty. They appealed to a higher court, and he again gave bail, swearing to push Barry to the wall for what he had done. He said he would spend ten thousand dollars to get even with him.

"That's cheap," said Tom, when he heard of the threat. "It may cost him more than that to keep out of prison. I am not afraid of him or his friends."

But Tom little dreamed of the danger to which he was exposed. He little suspected the extent to which Moyer's friends would go to save him. His lawyer appealed, and through a technicality got a new trial. Then they went to work to ruin his character in the city. A man of the name of Sandlin, who was an intimate friend of Moyer's, gave him a check for one hundred dollars, payable to his order, for the benefit of a Fireman's Fund. He deposited it in his bank in his own name, as the fund had no account at the time. Two days later the cashier of the bank told him that Sandlin had pronounced the check a forgery.

"What! He gave me the check himself!" exclaimed Tom, in very great surprise.

"He says it's a forgery," repeated the cashier, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Well, here's my check to make it good to you to balance up my account," and he wrote it out and signed it.

The next moment he went in search of Sandlin, but failed to find him. That evening he was arrested on the charge of forgery, the warrant being sworn out by Sandlin himself. He gave bail instantly, the mayor himself going on the bond.

"This is an attempt to ruin me," Tom said to the mayor, "and you are going to hear something very interesting very soon."

"Did you know Sandlin was an intimate friend of Moyer's?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, he is. They have operated in real estate together a good many times."

"That settles it. He came to me and said he wanted to contribute to the Firemen's Fair Fund and gave me the check. His name was signed to it, and it was made payable to me. I thanked him and gave him a receipt for it in my office."

"Have you a witness to that?"

"No."

"Then he has got you into a corner, I fear."

"Wait till I see him!" and Tom's eyes snapped.

"Violence will only get you into deeper trouble," and the mayor shook his head.

"Yes, I know; but I'll make trouble for him, too."

"I advise you, as a friend, to be extremely careful, Barry. He is a man of mean, and has a good reputation as a business man in this community."

"He won't have when I get through with him."

The next day Tom got a friend to go to Sand-

lin and ask him if it was true that the signature was forged.

"It is a rank forgery," was the reply.

"But Barry says you gave him the check yourself," said the friend.

"That is not true. I did not give him any check."

"That is very strange. Why he should say so, if it is not true, puzzles me."

"I know that I did not sign the check, nor give him one. I understand he says I gave it to him for the Firemen's Fund. Yet he deposited it to his own personal account. Does that puzzle you, too?" and he sneered as he asked the question.

"No. He explains that to my satisfaction."

"You are very easily satisfied, then, I fear."

"No. I am satisfied he did not forge your name, though."

"I don't say that he wrote it, but I know that it came to my bank from his, with his name on the back of it. I know that somebody put my name there without my knowledge or consent."

"But he says he gave you a receipt for it, stating what it was for."

"He did nothing of the kind," said Sandlin.

"Will you meet him and——"

"Yes—in the courtroom. I want nothing to do with him."

The friend went away and soon told Tom what Sandlin had said. Tom was dumfounded at the man's cheek. He saw that the man was going to perjure himself in order to ruin him, and thus destroy his standing as a witness in the Moyer case. He was puzzled to know what to do, and consulted Judge Macomb about it.

"It will be a question of veracity between you and Sandlin," said the judge, "and I think the jury will believe you, as no sane man can believe that you would sell out your good name for the sum of \$100, particularly as you were not in any financial strait at the time."

As a matter of course the case against the young fire chief created a great deal of attention in the city. When the case came up the courthouse was jammed to the doors. Sandlin swore he never gave the check to Barry. Barry swore Sandlin gave him the check, and that he, Barry, gave him a receipt for it. The judge in his charge to the jury stated it was a case of veracity between the two men, which the jury must decide. The jury did not leave their seats. They consulted for a few minutes and then the foreman said they found the defendant "not guilty."

Nearly everybody in the courtroom cheered, and Barry went away jubilant.

Several days later Minnie came to see him in the fire chief's office, and told him she had had a terrible row with her mother over her engagement to Barry.

"What's to be done?" asked Tom.

"Marry at once," said the girl. "I have already had a house furnished for us. I'll go after three of the girls, who know of my engagement, and will have the mayor tie the knot."

"Very well; I'll see the mayor and have him ready by the time you get back." She left him then.

Tom went to see the mayor, who told him to bring Minnie and he would tie the knot.

CHAPTER XV.—A Happy Marriage.

When Tom returned to his office, he was surprised at finding Judge Macomb there. He seemed to be in a very stern mood, but returned Tom's greeting in kind.

"Tom, I want to have a private talk with you," the judge said. "Can I take your time for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, judge. Come into the other room," and he led the way into a little office in the rear of the main one, where they took seats. "Now go ahead."

"It is a delicate matter," said the judge. "In fact, it's a family matter. My wife heard rumors last night that you and Minnie were engaged, and this morning she attacked Minnie in such a way about it that a very stormy scene ensued. Minnie, angry at her mother's furious attack, would neither affirm nor deny the truth of the rumor. I have come to you for the truth, knowing you to be an honorable man."

"It is true, judge," said Tom.

"I suspected it for some time," continued the judge. "I have no objections myself to you, but the mother is a born aristocrat, and will never consent to the marriage. I am not one who believes in ruining a girl's happiness for any cause whatever. Let me suggest you cease attention to her for the present, and——"

"Judge, let me tell you something. Minnie will be here within an hour, with some other young ladies, when we are to be married by the mayor."

The judge gasped.

"She told me about the row with her mother and demanded that we be married at once. I could not do otherwise. Let me add that I have not tried to presume on my rescue of her life; on the contrary, have tried to avoid meeting her. She did not pursue me. It was simply our fate and deathless love for each other."

"Yes, yes—naturally. The best solution of the trouble is to marry at once. But where will you take her?"

"Oh, she has had one of her houses furnished for us."

"The sly puss is too much for her mother," and he shook his head. "I am sorry, though, it could not take place at my home."

"So am I. My idea was to wait till I was of age and admitted to the bar, but circumstances have hastened matters."

"Yes, she has precipitated the very thing we wished to prevent."

The judge waited there nearly an hour in the little office. When Minnie and her three friends came in they did not see him. Tom told her about it, and she ran, threw her arms about her father's neck, kissed him, and said:

"Don't blame me, father. I am the one whose happiness is concerned. Society will not drop me on Tom's account. Even if it did, it would not matter—I am satisfied. Tom has the stuff in him to win his way in the world."

"Yes, yes. I told him I had no objection to him myself. I am going to stand by you and take the consequences at home."

He went with them before the mayor and saw them united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and

Just as the last word was spoken the great fire bell rang out an alarm. Quick as a flash Tom snatched a kiss from his bride, and said:

"I'll come to you as soon as the danger is over, dear," and then bounded away.

"That's the last fire he shall run to," she said, looking up at the mayor. "I'll be fire enough for him after this," and the mayor, the judge and the three bridesmaids laughed heartily, kissed her and wished her all the happiness in the world.

"But you should not deprive the city of so valuable a man," the mayor said to her.

"The city can do without him, I can't," she replied, and then she returned to her carriage, accompanied by her father and friends. They were driven to the house, and the judge was dumfounded at the way she had furnished it without his knowledge.

She danced through the rooms and showed them everything. Even the servants had been engaged, and had been sent for. She told the three girls they must stay there with her till Tom came back from the fire, and they agreed to do so.

"Then I'll go home and console your mother," said her father.

"Well, tell her I am happy," said the bride, "and that I shall always be at home to her."

Tom hurried to the fire and found that it was a serious one, an entire block being threatened with destruction. He had to call out all the fire companies in order to stem the tide of conflagration. He directed every move against it and succeeded in finally extinguishing the flames. Then he went home to his bride where he found the young ladies waiting.

The next day the papers were full of the romantic marriage.

Mrs. Macomb would not forgive her daughter for a long time. But society paid the young couple such marked attention she began to see her mistake. So one day she called and a reconciliation took place.

Tom resigned his position as chief of the fire department, and was soon admitted to the bar. The firemen, however, insisted on his membership being kept up, and he never resigned it.

The new trial of the Moyer case came up soon after he was admitted to the bar, and the young lawyer was again a witness. He made exactly the same case as on the first trial, and the jury again brought in a verdict of guilty.

He appealed to a higher court.

The very day he appealed the case, the insurance company made Tom an offer to act as one of its counsel in the future, paying him a regular salary to act for them in any litigation that might come up.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

A year passed and Tom was the father of a bouncing boy. On hearing of the birth of the boy the members of No. 4 elected him an honorary member, under the name of "Tom Barry, of Barrington." Tom went down to the company's quarters and made them a speech. When little Tom was one year old the company gave him a birthday party in their hall, and he and his mother were present.

One day a member of No. 4 suggested that Tom run for mayor.

"Boys," he said, "I won't do it. I am too young."

"Oh, you go 'long," they said. "We are going to put you up and elect you."

They went to work to agitate, and all the firemen in the city supported him to a man. The young men in every walk of life rallied around him. An old merchant ran against him, but was beaten two to one. He was mayor ere he was twenty-two years old, and the fire department never had such a friend in the mayor's chair before. It was literally a fireman's administration.

When his term expired, he was elected again without opposition, as no one had any fault to find with him. Whenever a fire broke out, he went to see that it was properly handled by the firemen; and when a fireman performed an act of heroism, he was prompt to give him credit for it.

Of course such a mayor could not be beaten if he wanted to be elected. The citizens were satisfied to keep him there as long as he would serve. But he said he would serve them one term, then give way to someone else. So he served a third term and declined to run again. His law practice demanded more of his time.

But ere he had been one year out of office he was nominated for Congress, to his very great surprise. The convention had met in Barrington and tried to nominate a certain politician. He had a strong party against him, hence a great wrangle in the convention. Someone proposed Tom Barry's nomination. Instantly the wildest enthusiasm ensued. They saw that he was popular and so the nomination was made.

Minnie was as much astonished as he was when she heard it; and when he thought of declining it, she urged him to accept it. She was ambitious and wanted him to place himself where his influence would go out into the State.

He accepted it and at once took the field. His party was in the minority outside the city, and he had a hard fight ahead of him. But he captured the crowd wherever he spoke, and great enthusiasm followed him all over the district. When the votes were counted he was elected by a big majority. The firemen at Barrington paraded the streets nearly all night.

He served the term with such credit to his State that he was unanimously renominated and re-elected. His wife and three children spent the winter in Washington with him, and he never made a speech unless she was in the gallery to hear him.

When he had served out two terms he refused to stand again, saying he wished to practice law. But the people would not have it that way. They nominated him for governor and forced him to run. He was elected, solely because of the admiration of the people for his record as a boy fireman. His party flooded the State with descriptions of his daring rescues, and they won old and young.

Next week's issue will contain "THE SPY OF SPYTLIN DUFFLE; OR, THE BOY WITH A CHARMED LIFE."

CURRENT NEWS

SILK UNDERWEAR HID SMUGGLER'S WHISKY

When police at Point Marion, Pa., arrested Mrs. Tessie Smith, thirty-five, well dressed and refined, they found in a suit case she carried six quart bottles of whisky in a piece of silk underwear.

Police were tipped off that Mrs. Smith was head of a band of rum smugglers.

Traces of a highway running in the direction of Astorga; cisterns, with piping of copper; gold coins, fragments of ceramics and vases filled with ashes are said to have been unearthed in the vicinity.

An investigation has been ordered by the Director of Foreign Arts.

A MOUNTAIN OF SULPHUR

A great mountain of sulphur has been rediscovered in the Banks group of the New Hebrides Islands, in the Southern Pacific Ocean. It was called Vanna Lava fifty years ago, when a French company worked its deposits. The London Times says that the mountain is one vast mass of sulphur, 99 per cent. sulphur, and the rest ash. It is 1,600 feet high and covers 100 square miles.

ROMAN CITY RUINS DISCOVERED IN SPAIN

The Imparcial publishes a report from Sant Ibanez of the discovery there of extensive remains of what apparently was once a Roman city.

WAITRESS GETS RICH REWARD

Waitresses will probably continue accepting tips, despite the fact that they are rather excited by the fortune of Elizabeth Hill, who has been rewarded by the gift of \$10,000 and a thousand acre ranch in Nebraska for constantly refusing tips in a railway restaurant at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She always said she was paid to give service.

"Old Man Dexter," who gave her the fortune, was always unable to make the girl take a tip. Once he mailed her \$100. She mailed it back. The money and deed for the land she has accepted came in a letter, which announced that the benefactor, who is 76 years old, was going to England for the rest of his life; that his wife and daughter were buried there, and that he wanted Elizabeth to accept for their sake, as "you deserve a better fate than working behind a restaurant counter."

READ THIS

DETECTIVES developing hidden crimes by the most scientific methods of deduction form the basis of many of the perplexing stories issued in "Mystery Magazine." It may be by finger-prints or other clues, but the stories get very interesting and exciting as you follow the plot to the finish. Then there are stories of smokes and weird unearthly things that make your nerves tingle with expectancy, and stories of crooks and other underworld characters who are brought to justice. Some of the yarns have a pretty little love theme, others are full of gripping adventures, and not a few deal with police cases. There's one department that many people will like, in which the writer shows you just exactly how fakers tell fortunes or show what your character is.

Every number contains a generous quantity of short articles, some just stories, others scientific facts, and still more, records of the queerest things that happen in the world. There is enough good reading matter in every issue to suit the taste of everybody, old and young. This magazine only costs ten cents a copy, yet it contains as much entertaining fact and fiction as some of the publications that cost twice as much. You can only judge by getting a copy and seeing for yourself. Then, if it doesn't suit you don't read another. But we feel so sure you will like it that we are willing to mail you a sample copy absolutely free of charge if you will send a request to us on a postal card, giving us your correct name and address.

FRANK TOWSEY, PUBLISHER, 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

Chased To China

— OR —

HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER III.—(continued)

"I only know that my valuable gems are gone," sobbed the woman, looking in disgust at the cheap stuff that lay in the handkerchief.

"Well, do you make any charge against Dan?"

"I don't know," was the feminine answer. "All I want is my jewelry back again."

The manager turned to the clown with a helpless expression on his face, and one or two of the performers had whispered audibly that the police ought to be sent for, when Dick Dale stepped forward and held up his hand for attention.

"Here is what I want to say," he said. "Tessie Jones knows that the stuff was stolen after she left the tent for her act, and I know that Dan and I finished our turn before her, and that Dan has not left my sight since then, so even if I did not know my partner better than to suspect him of a crime, the fact that he has been with me would disprove anything that you could urge against him."

"At the same time I am aware that the fact that I am his partner in a certain degree throws suspicion on me also, and there may be some people in this crowd who are saying to themselves at the present moment that we did the job together, and will share the spoils, but I don't care a hang what such people think or say."

"You all knew that I am not in this business for the money that there is in it, and that I box with Dan because I like the life. I have never said anything about myself, but I will say now that I am the son of a New York banker and broker, and that I have independent means of my own, made from money left to me by my mother and which has been largely increased by speculation at my father's suggestion. I am worth forty thousand dollars if I am worth a cent, and every cent and every dollar of it is at the disposal of my partner if needed to establish his innocence."

"My father has frequently employed the great detective firm of the Redertons in Chicago and New York, and I will wire at once for one of their best men to come here as quickly as possible and take up the case while the trail is hot."

"The clown has logically proved that the whole thing is a plant, and a first-class detective, such as will be sent to me, will soon ferret out the real culprit. I promise Tessie Jones that I will not spare any expense to get her jewelry back and to punish the thief and I hope she will be satisfied with that."

"I suppose it is the best that can be done," tearfully assented the bareback rider, and then and there the possibility of an arrest came to an end, much to the evident disappointment of a few persons in the company, who showed plainly enough that they would have had the police in and Dan carted off to jail had they been the losers.

"Blast me if I'd let him off so easy," growled out one of the acrobats as Dan turned away. The boy heard the remark and half turned with his fist clenched and a blaze in his eyes, but he realized that blows would not mend the matter for him and went his way with his partner.

"This is an awful business, Dan," said Dick, "and it's perfectly plain to me that there are some persons in the company who will pick your good name to pieces unless we are able to unearth the thief. I could hear more than you could, and saw some looks that escaped you, and it's safe to say that unless we discover the robber that you will have a bad name in the profession."

"Dick," said Dan, with a break in his voice, "you have acted like a brother to me in this matter."

"Don't say a word," rejoined Dick Dale. "Do you think I forget that when I struck my head on a sunken pile and lay at the bottom of the river, where I had gone in bathing a few months ago, that you went in after me a dozen times before you brought me up, and then nearly lost your own life from exhaustion? My life certainly belongs to you, if needed, and my money to the very last dollar. But don't worry about this, Dan, for it's only about fifty miles or so to Chicago, and in a few hours we'll have a clever operator from the agency who will unravel the mystery in a way that will make people sit up and take notice."

Dan looked more hopeful, and then suggested that after they had sent the telegram to Deder-ton that they should go to Tessie Jones and get a description of the lost jewelry and also obtain the anonymous letter that had accused the young boxer and led up to the awful scene in the circus.

Twenty minutes later they were at Tessie's door in the hotel.

Tessie Jones was dabbing her reddened eyes with rosewater when she let the boys into her apartment, and her first question was:

"Have you found out anything about my jewels?"

"That's just like a woman," smilingly said Dick Dale. "Why, Tessie, we would not know them if we saw them and that is what has brought us here, to get a description of them for the use of the detective, and also to get you for the anonymous note for him to use in his work."

"Well, sit down and I'll try to recall and describe each piece of jewelry that I've lost," said Tessie Jones, "but there's one breastpin that has a short description and a story attached to it. That particular piece of jewelry I paid a high price for in Paris for on account of the story connected with it, a story that is part of the history of France and is well known to the French people."

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

HOW STAGS' ANTLERS GROW AND DECAY

The annual growth and decay of a stag's antlers is one of the most marvellous happenings in nature.

In the late summer the growth is complete, and the stags spend their time rubbing off the velvet against the tree trunks. Then at the end of September the fighting season begins, and fierce battles are fought for the possession of a mate. During the winter everything becomes quiet again, and in the early spring the antlers gradually become dead and drop off, leaving the animal miracle to begin again.

GEM IN GARAGE

A diamond stud worth about \$1,500 lay for two days on the floor of a local garage in Albany, Ore., about two weeks ago.

After the owner had been found and the stud forwarded to him the circumstances of its loss and recovery became known.

The stud was owned by Dr. H. D. Coventry of Culver City, Cal., and was forwarded to him by A. F. Holyn, manager of the garage in which it was lost and found. Dr. Coventry passed through Albany by auto the day before Christmas. After he had made a purchase in this garage he discovered the loss of the stud. Two days later the stud was found.

FIND ACIDS IN CORN COBS

The common corn cob, which heretofore has been a waste product on the farm, may come to be considered a valuable article of commerce as a result of experiments conducted by Professors H. B. Fied and W. H. Peterson of the University of Wisconsin and reported to the Wisconsin Agriculturist. Corn cobs, it was discovered, are rich in acetic and lactic acids, both of which are used extensively in the industries.

When the corn cobs are partially water soaked and inoculated with the bacteria lactobacillus pentoaceticus, equal quantities of acetic and lactic acid are produced. If the yields on a commercial scale are equal to the laboratory results, every ton of corn cobs will yield more than 300 pounds of acetic and 320 pounds of lactic acid.

There are produced in the United States alone more than 20,000,000 tons of corn cobs yearly. A small amount of these is used for pipes or in feed, but the great bulk usually is discarded.

Acetic acid is used largely in the dye industry and lactic acid is extensively used in the leather industry. Both also are used in many technical operations in various other industries.

ELECTRIC SHOWER THRILLS ALASKA

Advises received at Seattle, Wash., from Tanana, Alaska, record some interesting details regarding an atmospheric phenomenon following a period of extreme cold weather.

The air was very still and dry and heavily charged with electricity. Two persons shaking hands received a severe shock and a burning sensation through the whole body. Telegraph and telephone wires sang and purred so loudly they were audible for several miles. Husbands kissing their wives were treated to the identical shock experienced in shaking hands. Two dogs were observed to anger and fly at each other, but when the jaws of each struck the other's body both went howling in opposite directions. Some ravens flying through the rarified air passed sufficiently close to each other to cause crackling noises, similar to the spluttering of a wireless receiving set.

The charged condition continued for several hours and was followed the same evening by a remarkable display of the Aurora Borealis. Accompanying its brilliancy were flashes of red and green in riotous irregularity.

At Koyukuk an Indian medicine man, less frightened by the strange electrical atmosphere than his tribesmen, attempted to console his followers by rubbing with the hands, but his touch produced so much discomfiture he was driven from the community house to his own hut.

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My Adventure

By JOHN SHERMAN

I had been settled more than a year upon my coffee estate in the wild jungles of Ceylon, when one morning, during the idle season, as I stood before my bungalow, gazing, stretching, and wondering how I might best amuse myself for the day, a coolie servant came up to me, huffed and panting, and placed in my hands the following note:

"DEAR SIR:—Will you come over at once to my plantation, and join in the chase or hunt of a rogue elephant, which is abroad somewhere in the vicinity, and committing all kinds of mischief, to the great terror of the natives, who fear him more than they do the Evil One? It is the duty of every man who can bring a good nerve and a rifle to turn out in defence of his surroundings, to say nothing of the sport. Hoping to receive a favorable answer through the bearer, Monshee, in case you do not bring it yourself, I am, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

"CHARLES HOLLINGSWORTH."

"Mango Hill Retreat."

Nothing at the moment could have given me more pleasure than this invitation to set off in quest of a "rogue" elephant—for the sport would certainly have that spice of danger so necessary to quicken blood that had become too sluggish under the overbearing influence of the sweltering tropics.

"Tell your master I am coming, Monshee," said I, as I turned away to get my rifle and ammunition, including zinc balls—for lead is too soft for an elephant's head—and order my horse under saddle in the quickest possible time.

Half an hour saw me on my way to Mango Hill Retreat, distant ten miles, with three coolies running alongside and keeping pace with my impatient gallop; and as I dash along, let me tell you what the term "rogue elephant" means, in case you never heard it before.

In the forests and jungles of Ceylon, at the time I lived there, there were hundreds of wild elephants, which generally roved about in small herds, and were not usually dangerous to man, though quite destructive to property—so much so that the government had set a price upon the head of each.

In herds, as I have said, these huge animals were but little feared, even by the natives; but it occasionally so happened, from what cause I have never been able to learn, that an old tusk would become detached from his companions, and, like a maddened human Malay, seem to devote the remainder of his life to attacking and killing every living thing he could reach, whether man or beast; and all from pure malice—from an infernal fury that nothing but his own death could appease.

With one of these dangerous monsters abroad, no one was safe.

Fences were no barrier to his progress; a coolie hut might be crushed like the shell of an egg; a bungalow be brought crashing down about the ears of the masters; and even a whole village has been half destroyed, and the inhabitants put to flight, by a single beast.

In the language of the country, this dangerous animal was termed a rogue elephant—though "rogue" elephant would have been by far a more appropriate appellation.

When I read of this monster, it was the duty of every man, as the note to me expressed, to turn out and hunt him to the death; and I was now happily forced to perform the part of a good citizen.

When about half-way between my house and Hollingsworth's, in a wild, romantic part of the country, in a place the road or path I was pursuing led down into a dark valley across a bright stream into a mass of level jungle, the coolie running by my side suddenly stopped and yelled out in terror, pointing to some large fresh foot-prints that the rogue elephant had just passed.

"How do you know these impressions were not made yesterday?" I inquired, stopping to examine them.

"See, master!" returned a bright-eyed fellow called Lunkhee, pointing to the marks against which the huge body of the animal had pressed—"him brush off dew."

"Ah! very true—you are right. Well, then, he may be near, and perhaps we may meet and conquer him at once, which would be a triumph indeed!"

"Him plenty much savage—fight like mitchie!" rejoined Lunkhee, looking threateningly around at his timid companions, and evidently willing to forego all glory which could only be gained at so much personal risk.

"But I have my rifle," said I, "two barrel zinc balls—and am a pretty good shot, and if I can find him, I am determined to try my hand."

Just at this moment, as if in answer to my challenge, there came a loud, bellowing, trumpeting roar from the deep jungle before me, followed by the rustling, swishing and crashing sounds of some tremendous body making a quick way through a dense thicket.

"Him a-coming—him a-coming!" cried the frightened coolies; and they suddenly vanished like the witches of Macbeth, but not on infernal brooms, for they "left him" leaving none to follow or stay, as inclination might prompt.

I must confess that inclination pleaded only for an instant as pretext, and my gallant steed was evidently of the same mind, for he whirled, reared, plunged, and would have gone off like a shot if I had not sawed him down to a fine dance. How could I shoot from the back of such a beast?

What! flash! and what is that? A deer passed me like a bolt of lightning, scared by that terrific trumpeting and crashing, which made even the boldest beast of the jungle tremble. Shall I stand and await its onset? for he is evidently coming this way, and will soon be near. Not my horse! too close to the ground to use him; better get my fine view of the monster from the top of yonder hill.

Away I go, horse and rider of one mind this time, and in a minute have wheeled upon an elevation that overlooks the spot where I first heard the answering challenge of everybody's foe.

There he comes—tusks first, and huge ones, too, showing he is an old bull—trunk up, trumpeting out defiance.—eyes fiery red and awfully wicked, and tail lashing his sides in fury.

Thank heaven, there is some distance between us, and I yet have the chance of fight or flight.

"Better run much, else climb tree a good deal, master!" says a voice over my head; and looking up in surprise, I see Lunekee snugly posted in the upper branches of a tall tree, and another glance shows his companions similarly situated to the right and left of him.

If I fight the elephant, I must depend on myself and horse, and count nothing on my timid servants, or any human aid. Am I prepared for the risk?

I look down at the man beast, and he looks up at me; and then, without half the consideration that I have taken in the matter, forward he comes, crushing the bushes, snapping the smaller trees like pipe-stems bent on my destruction.

It is a little to muck of the dare—of the bravado—to suit my easily excited and not over-amiabile temperament; and so, slipping down from my snorting horse, and passing the bridle over my left arm, I call out in defiance:

"Come on, you savage monster, and get what you don't seek! Be it life or death, I will have one shot at you now; then see who is lord of the forest—man, with his puny strength and giant intellect, or brute, with his tremendous physical power and blind instinct!"

I aim at his forehead, but wait for him to come near, with my frightened horse pulling at the bridle, and making my sight unsteady. On he comes with his mad rush and thundering crash—a sight to make any nervous man's heart flutter like a caged bird, and when within twenty paces of me, bang! go both barrels.

He is hit in the head, but not killed; and madder than ever with the sting of pain, he flourishes his trunk, trumpets forth his wild fury, and increases his speed, to reach and crush me like a troublesome moth. There is nothing for it now but flight—swift flight; a few seconds more and he will be upon me, and I shall be among the things that were!

Fairly swinging myself upon my horse, with an agility worthy of a Comanche Indian, I give my noble beast the spur and the rein, and away we go over the hill at breakneck speed—rocks, bushes and trees not once considered in our race for life.

Seeing my danger the coolies posted beyond the reach of the elephant now shout and scream to attract his attention and draw him from the pursuit. He hears the noise, glances upward with his fiery eyes, and turns to seek the nearest foe.

The tree of Lunekee receives his mad favor; and, lashing at that, he butts it an awful blow with his huge tusks—a blow that jars and shakes it like a small earthquake, makes every limb and leaf quiver, and almost unseats the poor fellow, who clings to it with all his strength and hopes of life.

Then he seizes it with his trunk, bellows forth his rage, exerts all his mighty force, and bends and shakes it as I might bend and shake a birch; and then, retreating to gather headway, he butts it again, ripping off the bark and goring it with his tusks, but failing to bring down his human prey.

But this time he seems to have forgotten me altogether; but I have not forgotten him.

Checking my horse at a safe distance, I proceed to reload my two barrels with zinc balls in the greatest possible haste; and before he is satisfied to turn and seek another victim, I spur my horse up to a dangerous vicinity, get him quiet for a moment, just in the nick of time, and blaze away again directly at the monster's head.

This time—thank Heaven!—my aim has been true; and both balls go through his thick skull, and sink into his brain. He stops, staggers, reels—gets a dim view of me—tries to make another charge—steps out feebly—totters, and falls with a loud crash, sending forth the wildest bellows of rage and pain, and then lies so helplessly on his huge side that even a child need no longer fear him.

A few half-smothered groans, some convulsive jerks, a quivering throughout the great mass, and all is over; the body and limbs grow still, and the furious, formidable, dreadful rogue elephant is dead.

No general after his victory ever felt his triumph more triumphantly than I did as I walked up, seated myself on the dead monster of the wilderness, and received, like a king upon his throne, the congratulations and praises of my loyal servants who now gathered around me, shouting and dancing.

Leaving the beast in their charge, I remounted my horse and finished my ride to Margo Hill Retreat, where I found Hollingworth and some half a dozen others only waiting for my arrival to begin the perilous hunt to which I had been invited.

When I told them of my adventure, they could hardly credit my story, and rode with me to be confirmed of its truth. The result made a great man of me in all my region, and probably no one act of my life ever afforded me so much satisfaction, taken in all its bearings, as my encounter with, and destruction of, that savage rogue elephant.

ECONOMICAL

Jacob Bowder of Mason City, Ia., practicing what he calls "a careful system of buying and cooking," has made public an inventory of his household expenses for five and a half months, for himself and wife, which he challenges any one to beat.

The total amount spent was \$72.50, excluding rent. Everything bought was of good quality, he says, and they had three square meals a day, with meat and everything necessary for health and happiness.

"Economy is merely a condition of mind," says Bowder. "Nowadays folks spend altogether too much for things they would be better off without. High cost of living need have no worries for the average man who will plan rightly."

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

OYSTER CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY NEW ORLEANS MAN

Mike Algero won the oyster shucking championship by opening 4,944 bivalves in five hours and fifty-five minutes in the public square here.

Bill Smith was second, his count being 4,387, while Joe Pinell opened 4,357. Cash prizes aggregating \$300 were offered by the Oyster Dealers' Association, New Orleans, La.

THE MAKING OF MUMMIES

Dr. Edmond Bartha of Paris, who has for many years studied Egyptian mummies from the chemical point of view, believes he has discovered an embalming fluid that will maintain a lifelike appearance in corpses for from 20 to 50 years. He holds that his fluid is similar to that used in the time of the Pharaohs; but whereas the incisions were then made through the carotid artery, femoral incisions are used in the new practice. The long-lost secret may have been found.

ADMITS FAILURE OF VOLSTEAD ACT

Enforcement of the Volstead act in Nevada was admitted to be a failure by United States Attorney William Woodburn in an address before the Lions' Club in Reno.

Outside of Reno, said Woodburn, prohibition is unknown in Nevada. In parts of the State, he added, even county officials and peace officers are engaged in making liquor and operating stills.

Federal officers have information, he said, that more than 200 householders in Reno are manufacturing liquor in violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. He declared city, county and State officers fail to co-operate with the Federal agents in enforcing the dry law.

GOLD NUGGETS FOUND IN CHICKENS' GIZZARDS

While the Black Hills is the gold producing section of South Dakota, gold reports come in from other sections occasionally. Small particles of gold have been found in the crop and gizzards of fowls killed for the table.

The latest in this line are reports of gold found in the gizzard of a goose killed for a dinner on

the farm of Albert Heinisch near Belvidere. While gold is found generally over the Black Hills, the old gold hunters say "gold is where you find it," and they hunt in all kinds of formations for the precious metal. Whether there is any gold in any other portion of the State other than in the Hills to warrant attempts at hunting for it, a number of years ago Narcelle, mixed blood of the Cherry Creek section, brought in several good sized nuggets which he exhibited and declared he knew where more could be found, but would never give out any information as to where he secured them. He finally had the nuggets manufactured into stick pins and other ornaments. He intimated the find was not in any portion of the Black Hills, and it is possible that he picked the nuggets up along Cherry Creek or in some gravel bar on Cheyenne River, which drains the whole of the Black Hills section.

LAUGHS

"Yes," said the eminent specialist to the tramp who had called upon him, "I will examine you carefully for ten dollars." "All right, Doc," said the tramp resignedly, "do dat, an' if you find it I'll give you half."

"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked the father at the breakfast table. "Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."

"This is the third time you have been here for food," said the woman at the kitchen door to the tramp. "Are you always out of work?" "Yes'm," replied the itinerant. "I guess I was born under a lucky star."

"Yes, siree," said the autoist proudly, "I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it." "So I've heard," replied his friend. "The man who did the repairs told me the very same thing."

"Say, Pa, what is the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Fond Parent—A visit, my boy, is when you go to see your Grandmother Jones, and a visitation is when your Grandmother Jones come to see ns.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven. The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."

Miss Caustique—Do tell me, Mr. Addlepate, how do you manage to keep your hands so soft? Mr. Addlepate—I always sleep with my gloves on, you know. Miss Caustique—How interesting. And do you sleep with your hat on, too?

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

BODY OF A RICH RECLUSE FOUND IN "HAUNTED HOUSE"

"The 'House of Blazes,' as Nyack's 'haunted house' is known, has justified its title with the discovery of the frozen body of a man, huddled into the corner of a second-floor room, with the stairs creaking and the wind groaning through the cracks. The body came to light when a gang of adventurous boys dared each other to venture in and explore the witch-ridden house.

The man was identified as Charles De Graff of Highland, N. Y. He had \$126 in his pockets, while bankbooks which he carried recorded deposits of \$4,000.

"JACK THE PEEPER" KEEPS POLICE BUSY

"Jack the Peeper," using a twenty-foot ladder, is keeping the police busy at night. The other evening the women in the household of Samuel E. Tillou at 169 Hornblower avenue, Belleville, N. J., while in a room on the second floor, heard a noise at a window. They quietly went downstairs and through another window saw a man on a ladder peeping into the lighted room on the second floor. They telephoned for the police and the peeper fled, carrying away the ladder.

Miss Gladys Correll, who also lives at 169, and the family of Harry S. Clinnock, Jr., had a similar experience. On one of these occasions the peeper abandoned his ladder in his hurry to get away, but no one could identify it.

TRAP GRAVEYARD GHOST

The ghost of Wrightstown is a thing of the past. For about five weeks it inhabited the village cemetery.

Every night between 9 and 10 the ghost was seen lighting up the cemetery. Finally it became too much for the village fathers and they called volunteers to check the prowler. A half dozen high school boys volunteered and they camped in a secluded spot. Right on the schedule the light flashed, the figure in white moved forward with a hesitating step and the high school boys charged.

The "ghost" was caught. A farmer boy was the spectre in white and he carried with him an incandescent light attached to a 30-foot cord connected with a battery hung in a tree.

A MODERN CRUSOE

When the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamship Ebro arrived recently with passengers and mail from Valparaiso and other ports on the West Coast of South America, Captain E. H. Duncan said that the vessel had paid a visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez, 300 miles off the coast of Chile, and known generally as Robinson Crusoe's Island.

The captain said that the trip from Valparaiso took five days and was arranged by the agent of

the company in Valparaiso at the request of about 250 American tourists who had come over the Transandean railroad from Buenos Aires. Purser H. T. Browne got up a fancy dress ball and dinner on board which yielded \$1,000 for the children belonging to the 300 families living on Crusoe's Island, who support themselves by fishing. Huge lobsters weighing twelve pounds and measuring two feet over all, the purser added, are caught off the island and sent alive in fast sailing schooners to Valparaiso, where they fetch a good price, having an unusually delicate flavor.

The island is about thirty miles in circumference and has a chain of ancient volcanic peaks. Tropical vegetation is kept alive by heavy dews which fall like rain every night. The passengers visited the cave where Alexander Selkirk lived, and climbed up to Selkirk's lookout, where the marooned mariner watched fourteen years for a vessel to come and take him off. Juan Fernandez has a wireless station now, maintained by the Chilean Government, and one policeman. By previous arrangement, when the Ebro anchored in Shelter Bay, a modern Robinson Crusoe came off in a native boat with his umbrella and parrot, carried by man Friday, and welcomed the passengers to his island.

THE AIRPLANE IN PEACE

Now that the great war is over, the airplane, which played so large a part in it, is being used for the purpose of peace.

Airplanes help the fishermen. They fly over the sea and spot the shoals of herrings, of pilchard or mackerel, and send the news to the fishing boats. They talk of using airplanes to round up the vast herds of caribou, or wild reindeer which roam over the wastes of Northern Canada.

Planes are being used for exploring Central Africa, and even for flying over the unknown ice fields of the far Arctic. In Australia the airplane is found to be immensely useful on the huge sheep ranches, some of them as large as an English county. A man in a plane can cover as much ground in a day as he could in a month on horseback. He can find where the sheep are grazing, whether dingoes are attacking them, and the condition of the water supply.

The latest use for the airplane is for catching water fowl, alive. In the Sacramento Valley of California are great flats haunted by vast flocks of wild ducks, geese and swans.

A plane was fitted with two funnel-shaped nets, and flown across these flats. The rush of the plane through the air kept the nets out stiff and straight, and the pilots say that it was most exciting business, swooping after the whirling flocks of fowl. They found that the plane was faster than any of the birds, but could not dodge or maneuver so quickly as they.

However, in three days' flying, they caught 500 birds. Keeping fifty of the younger ones, they liberated the rest. These young ones are for stocking private ponds and lakes.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

SAW HUNDREDS OF DEAD WHALES

That the monsters of the deep fight in groups as well as engage in personal encounters, is testified to by Captain G. Evered Poole, a Commissioner in the Gold Coast Colony, who writes the following to his brother concerning an experience during his voyage from England:

"Between Sierra Leone and Sekondi we steamed through, for over a hour, a blood-red sea, and saw some hundreds of whales dead or dying on the surface of the water. Some were just able to move slowly along; few, if any, could move quickly. There must have been a sanguinary battle, supposed to have been put up by sword-fish.

"It was a most appalling sight, and the extent of the bloody expanse must have represented the death of many more whales than were visible. No one on our ship had ever seen or even heard of anything approaching such a spectacle before."

RATS MENACE BUDAPEST

Rats and mice are migrating in swarms from the Russian famine area and Budapest is now overrun with them. All efforts to rid the city of this scourge have failed and the devastation caused by them goes on apace.

The market halls, food stores and warehouses are swarming with the rodents, which run about even in the daytime. So dangerous have they become that when disturbed they will turn and show fight.

The situation is aggravated by the dearth of cats. During the war, when food was scarce, thousands of families ate their cats. Since then the increasing demand for cat fur has taken a further toll. As a consequence, the comparatively exorbitant price of 3,000 to 4,000 kronen is being offered for a kitten by shopkeepers.

In some villages peasants have turned to the now lucrative business of cat breeding.

GOLD THAT DISAPPEARS

Do you know how gold shows its dislike for sea-water, especially that of the Atlantic Ocean?

Many shipments of gold have been sent to America recently in discharge of our debts, and every time a curious thing always happens. When the gold reached its destination and the American officials weighed it carefully, it was found to have lost weight during the voyage.

At first, everyone imagined the cause to be that the scales in America and other countries differed, but a test of the various scales showed that they were exactly the same.

Then it was that experts investigated the mystery. After many tests it has been discovered that during its journey across the Atlantic the action of the sea-water caused the gold to "sweat."

It is usual to pack the metal in stout kegs, squeezing it as tight as possible. But any way in which the gold is packed it always loses weight.

Now the coins are allowed to grind against each other, thus wearing them down a little, and a regular allowance is made for the loss.

FOREST RANGERS RESCUE ELK

After an arduous trip of fifty miles into the mountainous region at the headwaters of Dunganess River, two forest rangers succeeded in releasing a herd of eighty or ninety wild elk, snowbound in a draw or hole and which were on the verge of death by starvation.

By a queer coincidence Eddie Hubbard, carrying mail by airplane between Seattle and Victoria, Canada routed his homeward trip inland over the foothills of the Olympic Mountain to avoid a strong gale on Puget Sound. Skirting close to the tops of the forest trees he observed the wild elk snowbound in a natural inclosure of drifted snow. When he reached home he notified the State Game Commissioner's office of his belief, who at once ordered an investigation.

Alex McPherson and George Gates of Quilcene, Wash., started at once over a well known trail carrying provisions on pack horses. The fifty miles into the wilderness was made in two days and the elk located. The animals were belly deep in snow floundering about, subsisting on fir boughs and moss. Breaking through a snow-drift barrier, the elk gamely followed the men and their horses down into the valley where grazing material flourished in abundance. Of the exhausted animals but two fell dead after release.

The brave act is being heralded throughout Elkton fraternity and the two rangers will be presented with a suitable reward.

The Olympic elk usually foretell big snowstorms and hurry into the valleys, but this bunch herded up together in a sheltered hole and were cut off from food.

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